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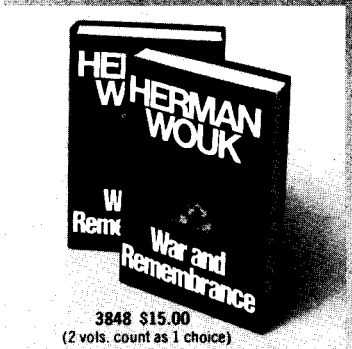

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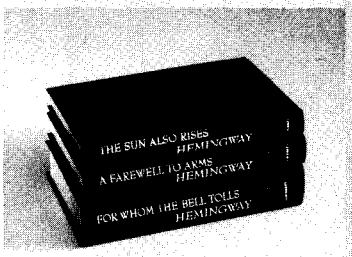

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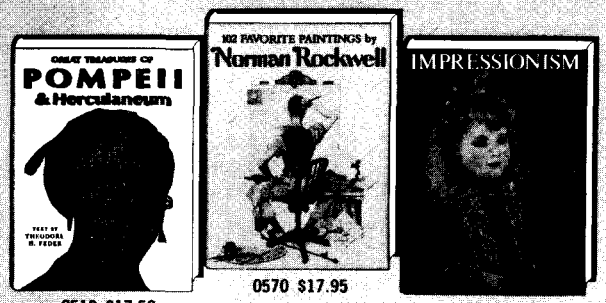

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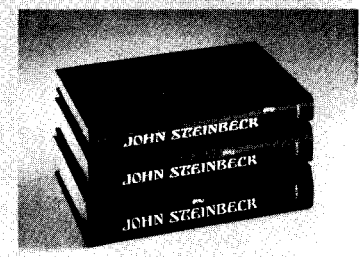

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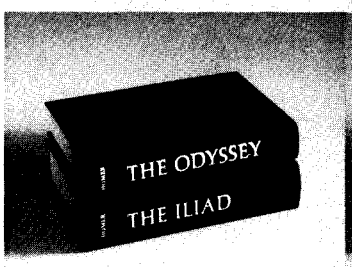

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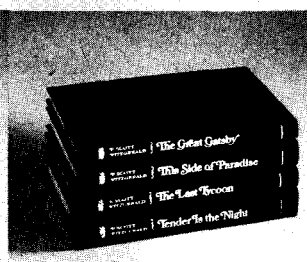

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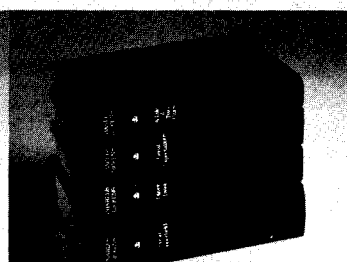

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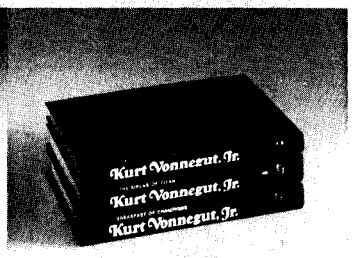

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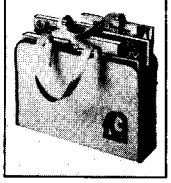

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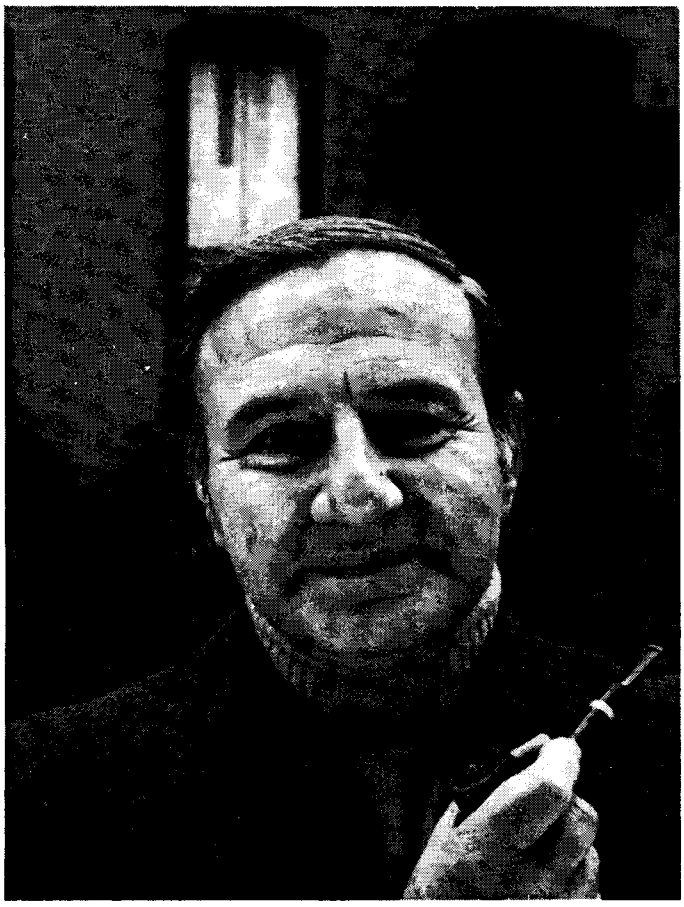

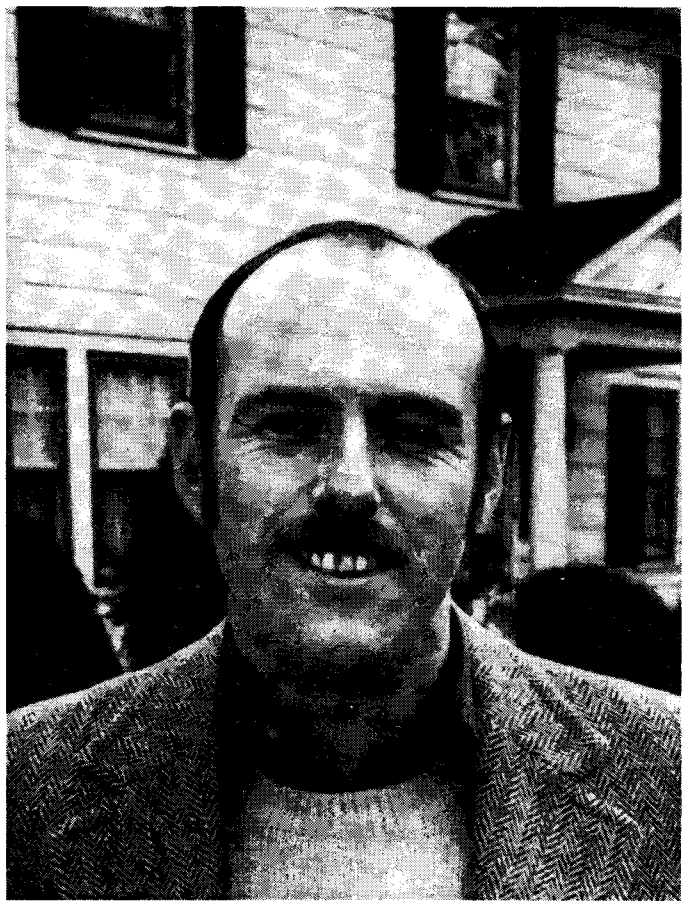

One of these homeowners is thrifty, safety conscious, and a sitting duck for financial disaster.

He doesn't even know it. He thinks he's done his best to protect his home and his possessions. He hasn't.

Many people, like the man on the left, believe they have adequate homeowners insurance. But inflation has been pushing up the value of their homes. They don't update their coverage every year. So when disaster strikes, they are unable to fully recover their losses.

Rising replacement costs are one reason. In the last 10 years the cost of re-siding a home jumped 132%, re-shingling a roof 155%; and repainting a living room 142%.[1] In the last five years alone, the cost of building a new home has increased 63%.[2]

As a group of property and casualty insurance companies, we don't want you to be a sitting duck by not having your insurance provide full protection for your home. Check with your agent to be sure your homeowners policy reflects the amount of additional coverage inflation has made necessary.

Here's what we're doing to help protect you:

- Offering policies with a built-in inflation clause.
- Supporting strict building codes to reduce fire risk.
- Designing new coverages to meet the special insurance needs of older homes.
- Helping to develop safety standards which protect life and property.
- Operating special claims assistance and damage repair programs in times of catastrophe.
- Conducting fire prevention and arson control programs.

Here's what you can do to protect yourself:

- Re-evaluate your home insurance needs annually with your agent.
- Take a higher deductible if you can. It lowers your premiums.
- Install a smoke detector or burglar alarm. Many companies offer premium discounts for such devices.
- Get a receipt or appraisal for all major household items (furniture, antiques, jewelry, art). Duplicate it and keep it and all such records in a safety deposit box away from your home.
- Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

1 Source U S Dept of Labor 2. Cost does not include land Source U S Dept of Commerce

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

Golly, Gee Geographic

I have to differ with Karl Meyer's opinion ["The Limits of Gee-Whiz," March 3] that National Geographic specials "share the proverbial fault of Chinese food...the dish is seldom filling." On the contrary, many of their specials have left this viewer hungry enough for a repeat performance!

Until humans have answered the secrets hidden beyond the tube and street corners, it is my hope we will continue to be amazed by the offerings of our natural world. If the National Geographic Society can do that by bringing a little gee-whiz to the otherwise ho-hum existence, so much the better.

Vincent F. Zauskey
Ashland, Oregon

Solely Unreasonable?

Steven Ferry's article "Solar Eclipse: Our Bungled Energy Policy" [March 3] is an all-too-typical example of the attitude of those who see solar energy as the only solution to our energy problem. Impatient at the failure of others to accept the logic of their position, they see a gigantic conspiracy. Like the religious fanatic with whom they have so much in common, they view the nonbeliever as tainted and evil. The future of solar energy is a subject on which there can be reasonable differences of opinion. Mr. Ferry seems unable to exercise even this degree of reasonableness. I doubt whether he is aware of the disservice he does his own cause.

Bruce C. Netschert
National Economic Research Associates
Washington, D.C.

Steven Ferry made an excellent case against the administration's energy priorities in his March 3 article.

It should be emphasized, however, that increased utilization of renewable energy sources reflects economic common sense; it is not simply an apple in the eye of America's environmental movement. The New England Energy Congress—a federally sponsored energy policy project which included high-level representation from the financial community and oil, gas, and utility industries—concluded last month that an "optimal" cost-effective energy supply for the region in the year 2000 would include the equivalent of 500,000 barrels of oil per day from renewable energy sources. This would represent 25 percent of the region's projected energy needs at the turn of the century.

This conclusion and countless others based on long-term research clearly reflect the economic viability of alternative energy sources. Regrettably, it is a conclusion that the Department of Energy is either unwilling or unable to accept.

Representative Robert F. Drinan
D—Massachusetts
Washington, D.C.

Regulation Reprise

The complex and important questions that *Saturday Review* raises in its special section on regulation [January 20] require careful examination by all thoughtful persons. As Carll Tucker's column points out, we need government regulation, but some regulations have created economic burdens that can be more damaging than the problems they were intended to solve. These burdens affect all of us—not just business people.

The obvious and immediate need is for more sensible and reasonable approaches to the regulatory process—new approaches that give full and serious consideration to the delicate balance between the value of intended benefits and the impact of associated costs. Comprehensive and objective discussion of government regulation is an important step toward meeting that need.

Frank T. Cary
Chairman of the Board
IBM
Armonk, New York

I am heartened that a publication of *Saturday Review's* stature has taken the lead in presenting an objective analysis of the effects of overregulation.

No one can deny that some regulation is needed, but it should be constructive, not punitive. Overzealous regulation can only be counterproductive, because it tends to stifle innovation and works against the public interest.

Irving S. Shapiro
Chairman of the Board
Du Pont
Wilmington, Delaware

Carll Tucker was right on target with his perceptive column "Cooking Our Own Goose" [January 20], in which he called attention to the fact that overregulation discourages business from contributing either new jobs or new ideas to society.

While burdensome for big business, overregulation is an even greater problem for small businesses which have fewer resources to cope with it or fight it. This is especially unfortunate because it is the smaller, more innovative enterprises that provide the largest potential for more jobs.

William C. Norris
Chairman of the Board
Control Data Corporation
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Woe is Maslow

In his piece "Cleveland's Woes" [February 17], Jonathan Evan Maslow alludes to "the scruffy animals in the city zoo. ... " I visited the Cleveland Zoo with my children last August and the animals are *not* "scruffy."

By using such gratuitous, incorrect adjectives, Mr. Maslow creates the suspicion that his whole argument is inexact and libelous. Please, ask Mr. Maslow to make his points without maligning the beautiful, well-cared-for animals in the Cleveland Zoo. Only then will he be more believable on Cleveland's existing business woes.

Ieva Szentivanyi
Aramco
Dhahran, Saudi Arabia

A Cure for Congress?

Tad Szulc's article, "Is Congress Obsolete?" [March 3], offers no prescription to cure the illness of a Congress with such a "legislative burden." I would like to suggest that our republic had better realize that 50 years of attempting to legislate *all* our evils, needs, and wants in Washington, D.C., is *not* the answer for what's left of our republic and our form of government.

Our Washington representatives are no wiser, and likely more foolish in a high-pressure atmosphere, than local officeholders, and they can't physically attempt to be all things to all people successfully. To salvage our system of government, we must realistically assess the directions we wish to take in matters of education, social welfare, and essential services. In so doing, we will regain local control and accountability, and if done intelligently, reduce our federal tax obligation.

Charles A. Byrne
University Heights, Ohio

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Answers to April 14 Puzzles

Wit Twister No. 140

items, mites, times, Emits, smite

Literary Crypt No. 128

The hardest thing is writing a recommendation for someone you know.
—Kin Hubbard

Middle Double-Crostic No. 169

(DOROTHY) GILMAN: A NEW KIND OF COUNTRY

I collect the invisible.... Being attuned to what we can touch, taste, smell, and see, we overlook how much in our lives is invisible; love, for instance; thought, God, the future, time, faith, hope, and even the electricity that brings us light.

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 129

WXV ZBU PW PK QSZ,
WXV BKUIFHK NBQ XSIY
WXV KBQV TVSTIV,
CFW PJ ZV WDPVY WS
KXFW FT WXV PQKBQV ZV
KXSFIY DFQ SFW SJ CFPIYPQA
HBWVDPBIK.

—HBDR WZBPQ

Wit Twister No. 141

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
ogled his pubescent niece,
A nymph in bright ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ and cerise.
His gardeners and ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ gaped askance;
They guessed the evenings's outcome
from his glance.

A.S.

Answers next issue

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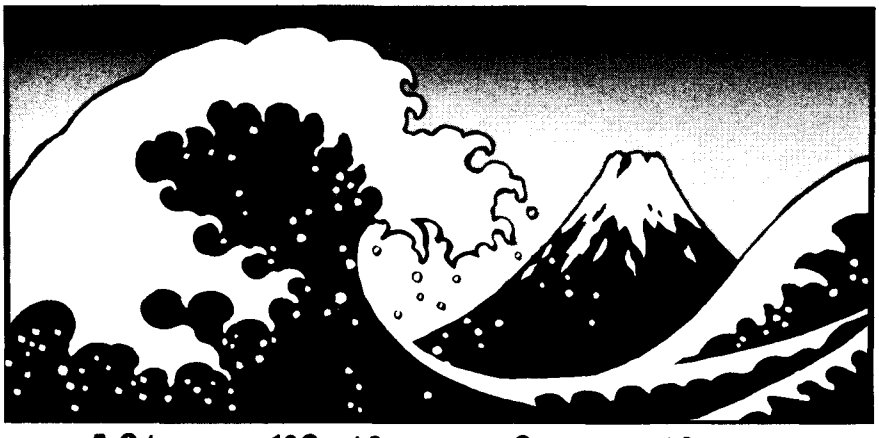

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FRONT RUNNERS

West Side Story Meets Godzilla

If the Motion Picture Academy gave out awards for Most Confusion Sowed, the hands-down 1979 winner would have to be Paramount's opening shot in the Gang War Sweepstakes, *The Warriors*.

Horrified critics denounced the film as dehumanizing, brutal, and exploitative; the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* demanded that it be taken off the screen. To the *Village Voice* in New York, *The Warriors* was "the most lovingly moral and beautiful film of the past year." The *New Yorker*'s Pauline Kael called it "A real moviemaker's movie," comparing it to such classics as D.W. Griffith's *Intolerance*. The 12 to 18 set had yet a fourth response, which was to tear up movie theaters, vault over subway turnstiles, and commit several exceptionally grisly murders.

The movie itself, which customizes a hoary military/romantic formula—soldiers down behind the lines fight, crawl, and love their way back home (remember *The Odyssey*?)—hardly seems to justify any of these reactions. What may be at work is the Daisy Chain Effect in criticism, in which successive commentators react to one another rather than to the original work.

Thus, angry kids formed the first link by taking the film as a license to bop, which it had not intended to be. Then critics, outraged by the spectacle of kids tearing up and down the aisles, transferred their reaction to the film itself. And finally, the radical-chic variety of critics, feeling a faint pang of regret about not having been bad dudes or revolutionaries, took the side of the adolescent army and tweaked the nose of the huffy adults. The film itself has been wholly obscured in into this morass.

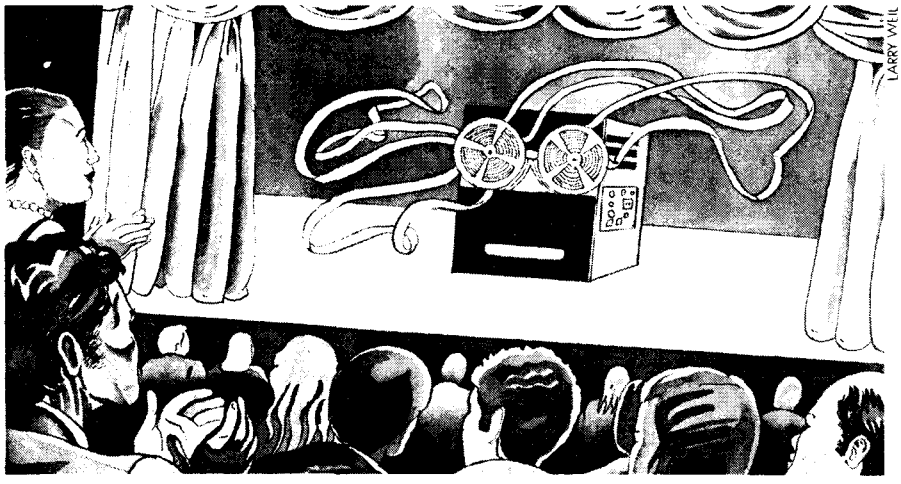
The only folks who really know the answer are the ones at Paramount, who raked in $12 million in the film's first 16 days.

The Unbegun Symphony

Modern art has come in for a good deal of lampoonery, with paintings hung upside down, sculptures apparently confused with plumbing equipment, and so forth. It must gall the aesthete. But even the cultivated taste was left utterly defenseless at a recent concert when an eight-minute tape-recorded piece was played backwards—and nobody noticed.

The piece was Edgar Varese's "Poème Electronique." The publisher sent it backwards to a rug concert (bring your own cushion) at Baltimore's Peabody Institute. The *Baltimore Sun's* music critic happily complied with the farce by praising "the quality and variety of sound, the pacing, the keen use of silences...." The audience, he observed trenchantly, "didn't seem to know when the piece had ended."

That's your modern art all right.



Growing Up Absurdly Rich

You probably feel ticklish about the millions you got from Dad. Maybe you think, I didn't earn this, I should give it away to hungry people or at least to the Sierra Club. Well, before you do anything as rash as all that, place a call to Gideon, Inc., and learn to "take responsibility for your money." Learn to like it, that is.

If Gideon sounds like Werner Erhard for the silver-spoon set, don't be surprised. Gideon owes its existence to est graduate Rob Martin, who at age 21 was afflicted with a million-dollar inheritance. After a decade of poor relations with Mammon, Martin underwent a sudden transformation while sailing to Hawaii in 1977. At last, as Martin told *Mother Jones* magazine, he "came out of the closet" about his money. Determined to spread his revelation around, Martin flew back to San Francisco and opened Gideon.

Of course, learning to come to terms with your windfall is not cheap. Martin charges $1,000 for a training weekend, during which time the troubled heir takes part in seminars and various group therapies. He'll discover not only how to put his guilt behind him but how to relate to the occasional, unavoidable nonwealthy person. At the end of that thousand-dollar road lies Martin's own vision: "The real me I had been looking for was all of me, including my money."

Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. Please send to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

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Love for Rent

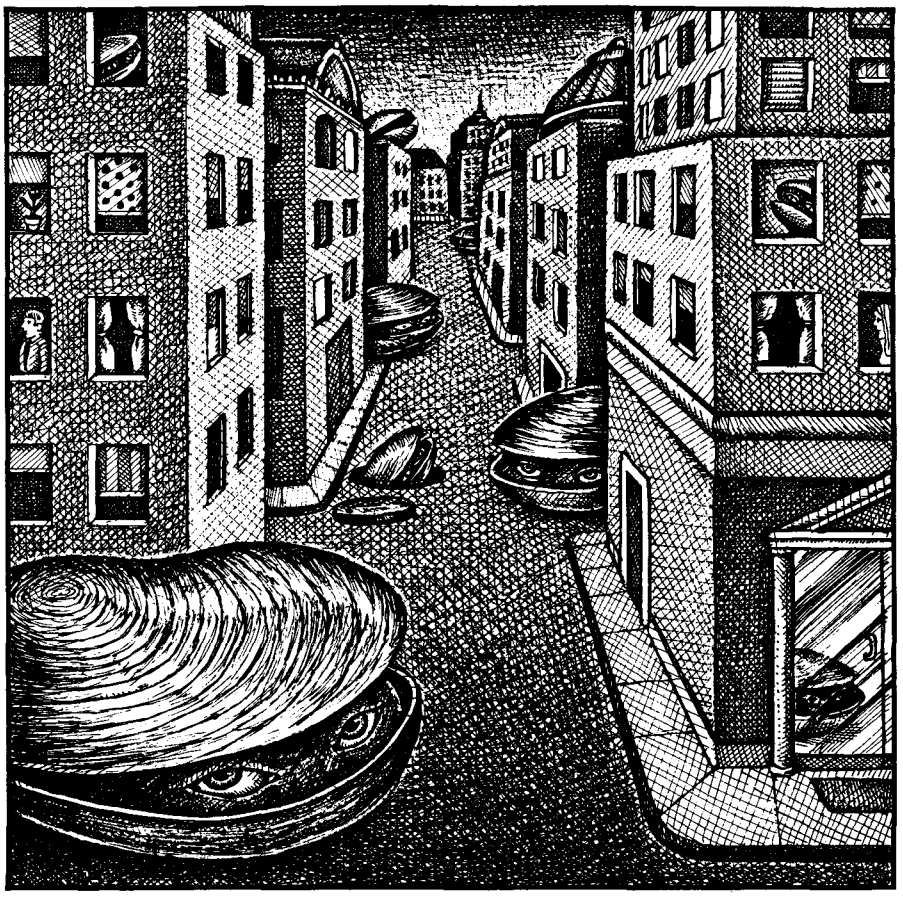
Prostitution has always enjoyed a pretty good press in France, what with Louis Malle and Toulouse-Lautrec and Fernand Céline. But now the nation's 40,000 whores are up in arms against new legislation seeking to reopen brothels, which were shut down 30 years ago. Prostitution is perfectly legal in France, but its practitioners have to find digs of their own.

According to François Dupuis, columnist for the French newsweekly *Le Nouvel Observateur,* "the girls claim that brothels violate their civil rights." Dupuis quotes a 55-year-old madame named Gaby: "It was like being locked up in jail. We had to stick to regular hours, and we couldn't select our clients or fix our prices."

Legislators are unimpressed by such arguments. Gaullist Joel Le Tac, who submitted the bill, argues that prostitution represents a $2 billion untaxed industry. Furthermore, he argues, unregulated prostitution has led to increases in both crime and venereal disease. Le Tac's proposal enjoys widespread support: 65 percent of respondents in an opinion poll were "rather favorable" to a return of the bordello.

But the prostitutes won't take it lying down. Not only have they petitioned French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing for help, but they have organized a lobby to fight the bill. Disputing Le Tac point by point, they quote official estimates that roughly 85 percent of VD cases are caused by nonprofessionals, and argue that the shutdown actually decreased the presence of gangsters by permitting women to go into business for themselves. In any case, they note that whores are no longer displaced country wenches, but respectable middle-class women who have no intention of being assigned to a brothel.

The legislation may remain in debate for some while, since the issue seems a bit more congenial than tariffs or the European monetary system.



CHARLES WALLER

Night of the Living Clams

They came by night, crawling... crawling... crawling. Fathoms beneath the great cities, in waterways crisscrossing the nation, they gathered in growing numbers, choking off the water supply, wreaking a slow and inexorable havoc. Scientists called them... the nuisance clam.

This predatory bivalve, known less anticlimactically as the Asian clam, has been choking the life out of western America since 1938, but was reported in eastern waters for the first time this past March. Unlike the larger American variety, the inch-long Asian clam is small enough to fit inside a pipe. The larva anchors itself against a pipe wall, and grows to maturity in increasingly crowded circumstances. As many as 5,000 clams have been found in a single square foot of pipes, according to a *New York Times* alarum. The nuisances caused by the nuisance clam range from clogging water intakes to contaminating dredged sand and gravel.

So far, the clams have been found in only one eastern site, the lower Potomac—ominously close to our nation's Capitol. The pattern is becoming clear. First, practice massing and clogging techniques in the western plains systems. Then, swarm into the nerve center of the country like angry farmers, obstructing the water supply until a clam-bound Washington falls to its knees before the mollusk menace. A negotiated settlement leads to an end to offshore drilling, the establishment of a Federal Bureau of Clams, and the abolition of seafood restaurants.

We won't be calling them "nuisance" for long.

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EDITORIAL

China, Vietnam, and the U.S.

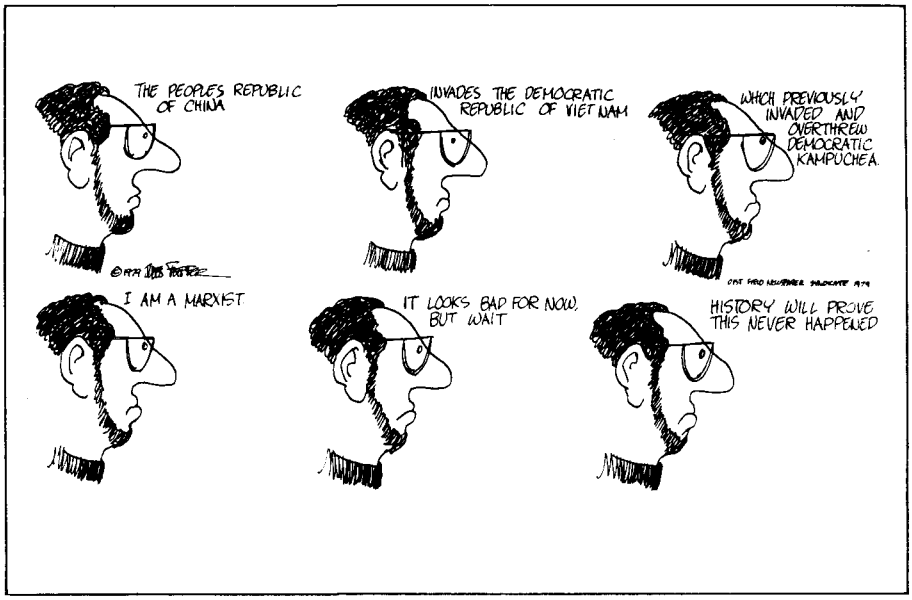
THE ATTACK ON Vietnam by China, seen in the context of current events, will probably be regarded as another indication of the tendency of powerful nations to demonstrate their readiness to use force whenever they feel challenged. For Americans, however, the clash between the two Communist nations has to be seen in the context of our own involvement in Vietnam.

Certain basic assumptions figured in the war waged by the United States against the Hanoi government. The first of these assumptions was that North Vietnam was a puppet of the People's Republic of China. The second assumption was that a North Vietnamese victory would give the Chinese additional leverage in creating yet other puppets in Indochina. The third assumption was that the defeat of Vietnam would produce falling dominoes throughout Southeast Asia, including Singapore, Indonesia, Burma, and India. All these assumptions were tied to the belief that communism was a single, cohesive world force.

These assumptions resulted in a far-reaching commitment of men and resources by the United States to a war in Vietnam. It was to be the longest war in our history, second in cost only to World War II. Before we could extricate ourselves, we counted 57,000 Americans dead and 304,000 wounded. The death toll of Vietnamese approached 2 million. It has been estimated that the war cost the American people $300 billion, a major factor in the current brutal inflation.

The assumptions that led to these grisly statistics now have been unhinged by recent events. First, the Communist government of Vietnam attacked the Communist government of Cambodia. Then the Communist government of China attacked the Communist government of Vietnam. The Soviet Union warned China, with which it was already engaged in a massive border dispute, that prolongation of the war against Vietnam could result in a larger confrontation.

These internecine struggles raise a terrifying and inescapable question for the American people: How did it happen that the United States government should have miscalculated on such a colossal scale? One of the main reasons behind the creation of the Central Intelligence Agency was that the government was in need of accurate and essential information on which to base its major decisions. It is possible, of course, that the CIA did in fact inform the President that the historical and territorial differences between China and the governments of Indochina would transcend any supposed ideological affinities. It is also possible that the CIA believed it was a colossal error to proceed with a policy of containment based on the threat of a centrally directed world Communist movement.


THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA
INVADES THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM
WHICH PREVIOUSLY INVADED AND OVERTHREW DEMOCRATIC KAMPUCHEA
I AM A MARXIST
IT LOOKS BAD FOR NOW, BUT WAIT
HISTORY WILL PROVE THIS NEVER HAPPENED
© JULES FEIFFER 1979

But if the CIA was not responsible for the disastrously erroneous information resulting in a large blot on our national history, who was? The American people are entitled to know who was responsible for the mistaken assumptions—not as a special favor but as a natural right.

It is important for the American people to know, too, why competent advice opposing our Vietnam policy was disregarded. Pierre Mendès-France, former president of France, has said that the French government took great pains to share with Washington the special knowledge growing out of its own long and costly experience in Indochina. One of the key points made by the French government was that it was a profound mistake to regard Ho Chi Minh as a Peking puppet.

Is it possible that what caused us to persist in Vietnam was not the fact that we were blind to the realities but that we were determined to bull it through regardless of casualties or cost? Was Vietnam a case of macho raised to a world dimension? Can misplaced pride be a greater factor in the making of historic decisions than the informed will of the people themselves?

Essentially, the lesson to be learned not just by recent events in Indochina but by the larger confrontation between the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China is that nationalism is still the primary force in the world today. The major threats to peace are not represented by the emergence of a monolithic world Communist ideology but by the absence of a world order that can deal with national antagonisms, national rivalries, national aberrations, national ambitions, national miscalculations. The main problem is what it always has been: anarchy in the dealings among sovereign entities. At the operating center of the feuding nationalisms are statesmen who feel they can best justify their station not by acknowledging their errors but by asserting their power and bombast. And they are never more dangerous than when they seek to cover up personal failures by invoking national might.

The world's peoples might be able to absorb the persistently irrational behavior of nations were it not for the fact that nuclear fuses are now attached to national tempers. It becomes a matter of human survival, therefore, that common sense be institutionalized. This calls for the creation of a world organization that can draw up a sensible code of behavior among nations with adequate authority to make it work. —N.C.

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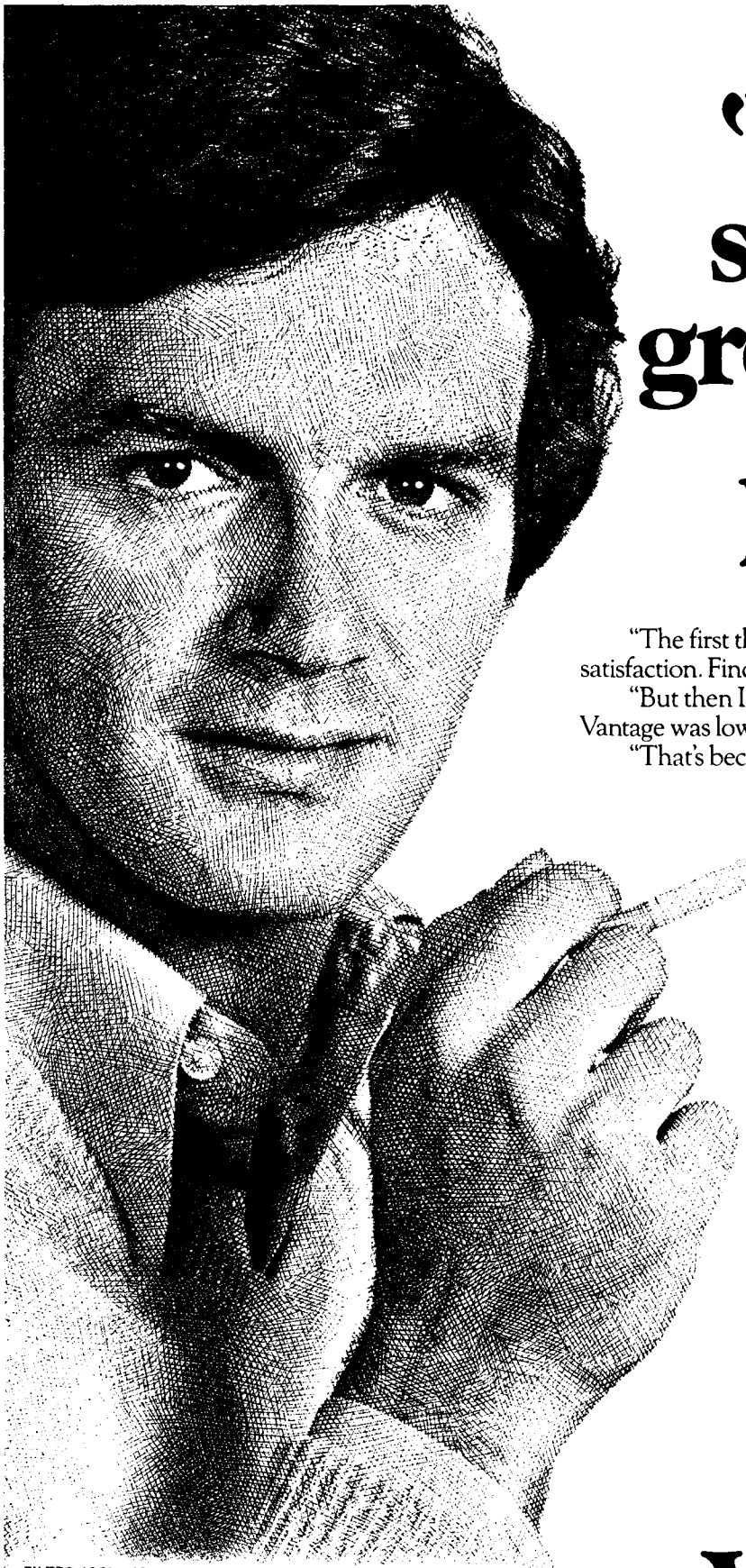

'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vantage

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Transatlantic Love Affair

YOUR PAUL THEROUX, who lives in London, said it recently, and I think he is right: The Americans and the British get on well together. I suppose by the "British" we have to mean those Anglophones with no aggressive Celtic admixture, whom it is probably convenient to call the English, though no one can easily define an Englishman.

The stereotypical film Englishman—David Niven, Patrick MacNee, the late Laurence Harvey, Laurence Olivier—always turns out to be Scottish, Armenian, or Norman French, so I conclude that Englishry is an acquired quality, a matter not of blood but culture. Some of the most typical English army officers are brown-skinned and lead the army of Pakistan. T.S. Eliot, than whom nobody could have been more insularly English in taste and allegiance, was from St. Louis, Missouri, and Henry James, the very courteous and fastidious soul of Englishry, was of an Irish New York family.

Those most notable English qualities—the patrician accent, the liking for afternoon tea, cold baths, cricket, and domestic discomfort—are taught in public schools (really private ones) like Eton and Harrow. Shove a young Texan into Eton and he will emerge a rapid-talking and most modest Englishman.

There was a time when Americans, ignorant of the as yet uncloseted sodomitic movement in their midst, believed Englishmen to have a monopoly on homosexuality. Ms. Shirley MacLaine, the actress, once called me a "fag" on the strength of my accent. The fact is that many New York homosexuals affect an English accent, probably for purposes of tribal identification as well as distinction from the Lee Marvin-tongued meat-and-potatoes beer-from-a-can men whose notion of sexuality is a Saturday night urge fulfilled in five minutes.

However, there is often a nut of truth in even the most far-fetched fallacy, and it is a fact that adolescent homosexual attachments are acquired in some of the great English public schools, and these very frequently survive into adult life. Indeed, when Britain was run by a public-school-educated governing class, its solidarity was maintained by a sexual culture forgivable only in juveniles.

Still, no one would call homosexuality a specifically English aberration, not now. The best homosexuality is in America, like the best everything else, and California, where all national tendencies achieve their most hyperbolic expression, is a living beach of writhing male bodies.

Englishmen and Americans understand each other now, I think, and are less ready to make national judgments in terms of virility. We seem to be the only two nations capable of taking each other seriously, criticizing each other without malice, and learning from each other. The possession of a common history and literature is a help. And yet it is not a prerequisite for understanding.

The Australians don't like the English and call us "pommie bastards" or, with a spitting motion, merely "poms." "Pommie" comes from "pomegranate," a feeble pun on "emigrant" or "immigrant," and it implies that the Aussies were always there, like the abos and their lubras, and the apple-cheeked English were late intruders. The Australians call New Zealanders "Poms without brynes" (brains).

On the level of personal relations, many of us, on both sides of the Atlantic, have tried to forget the abominable enmity that subsisted between American and British males during World War II. But this is now so far back in the past, almost like an aspect of the Revolutionary War, that we can look at it with cool objectivity, even amusement.

The Daughters of the American Revolution raved about the seductive malignity of our English girls, who would infect pure young GIs with syphilis and poverty. The English made jokes about utility knickers: "One Yank and they're off." Some English pubs banned all Americans but blacks. Americans offered as a compliment: "If your beer was as cheap as your women, it would be a darn fine country."

The truth is that our girls fell heavily for these gum-chewing well-paid exotics and a lot of them were transformed into G.I. brides. That was a strange time, one of those periods of unforeseen cultural and biological congress which, we are told, wars are really for. On the conscious level there's an ideological struggle, on the unconscious there's a reordering of human structures brought about, or so it seems, quite adventitiously.

The British and the Americans really came together then. They fought, or copulated, like mad (according to sex or taste), and they've been the better for it.

I think the time has come for America and Britain to consider a political union. The European Economic Community has done nothing for the British except teach them the principles of syndicalist anarchy and push their prices up. The British are not Europeans, and since they're not Australians or New Zealanders either, they must be a kind of North American. But they're not Canadians, who are either French or Scottish, so they must be sons of the Pilgrims.

It would be convenient, and perhaps pleasing, to the constituent states to have the seat of federal government in London rather than Washington. As nobody really likes the presidency, there could be a safe reversion to monarchy, for which most Americans have a powerful nostalgia. We've got over our World War II enmities and the revolutionary notions of 1776 have proved to be charming, historically quaint, but no longer suitable for a modern nation. What Britain needs is the will to work; what America needs is a little Old World modernism. This long flirtation with Europe has become arid. We are waiting to be turned into an honest G.I. bride.

—Anthony Burgess

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How to buy a typewriter.

-Clip and save-

Choosing a portable typewriter isn't hard if you know what to look for. This brief guide will help you make the best choice.

Test the feel. Check the slope and height of the keyboard. Check the size and shape of the keys. Make sure the controls are uncrowded and easy to reach.

Test the feel of a Smith-Corona® electric typewriter against several other brands. We welcome the comparison.

Try the touch. A responsive touch makes for better, easier typing. Look for a touch that is prompt, easy and dependable.

When you test a Smith-Corona, for instance, note how smartly the carriage returns. Press a button—zip—the carriage is back where it started.

Listen to the sound—the typewriter is trying to tell you something. If it sounds tinny, beware. This may indicate that the construction is too light.

Note the look of the type. Lines and individual letters should be straight. The impression should be crisp, clean and even. The print quality should not vary over the page.

Check the overall design. Good design is part of good value, so choose an attractive modern instrument. The Smith-Corona shown is an example of classic, good design.

Look at the carrying case. Does it have double walls for air-cushioned protection? Does it have sturdy latches and hinges? The Smith-Corona case does.

Check the price. A typewriter that sells for substantially less than others might be substantially less typewriter. If the price difference is minimal, you're probably better off paying a few dollars extra for the typewriter that tests best.

Ask who makes it. Smith-Corona makes every single typewriter that bears its name, which is not true of most other brands. So consider the maker's reputation. A company that has a solid reputation will still be around tomorrow and in the future to give your typewriter necessary service and maintenance.

A note about ribbon systems. Smith-Corona offers a unique cartridge ribbon and cartridge correction system. It lets you change ribbons in seconds without touching the ribbon. It also lets you correct typing errors neatly, quickly and easily. Not all correction systems produce equally good results. Test and compare.

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Fertility May Be Hazardous to Your Job

YOU'VE NEVER heard of CBP? Well, beware. An awful lot of women *have* it. (I mean perfectly normal-looking women that you and I know personally.) And it can be dangerous. All because of those meddlesome environmentalists. If they just hadn't worked so hard trying to heighten our ecological awareness....

But let's get down to cases. You may remember that recent story out of Willow Island, West Virginia, where five women employees of the local American Cyanamid plant took the cure—surgical sterilization—to rid themselves of chronic, intractable CBP.

These women were part of a group of nine who, because they worked in the plant's pigment department, were exposed to lead dust. The exposure levels were well below the federal safety standards for adults—though possibly harmful to fetuses. Were the women pregnant, then? They were not. But they *were* in their twenties, thirties, and early forties, age categories that automatically endowed them with a new medical entity the company doctors called "childbearing potential" (CBP is my own shorthand term for this affliction). If any of these women got pregnant, the company might be held responsible for birth defects resulting from lead exposure. Management thus decided to transfer the women to jobs elsewhere in the plant. Their salaries would remain the same for at least 90 days, after which—the company felt certain—normal attrition would provide openings that would permit them to continue earning the same pay. But five of the women—one of them only 27 years old—weren't so sure higher-paying jobs would materialize and chose to be sterilized.

Were the company officials being as foolish and arbitrary as I have perhaps made them seem? Not really. Industry has been caught in a predicament that it has simply not yet been able to resolve.

The problem begins with the growing and universal concern about environmental hazards in the workplace. The special attention to women is due to the fact that levels of exposure deemed safe for adults can damage a vulnerable fetus. As we learned in the classic though inadvertent human experiment with thalidomide, doses of a drug completely harmless to a pregnant woman can nevertheless cause gross malformations in the fetus—if the drug is capable of passing through the placenta.

The substances suspected of causing such teratogenic effects range all the way from vinyl chloride in the chemical industries to the anesthetic gases to which nurses are habitually exposed in operating rooms. A few substances have been proven almost beyond suspicion to be poisonous to adults as well as injurious to fetuses. One of them is lead—the substance the company is worried about at Willow Island.

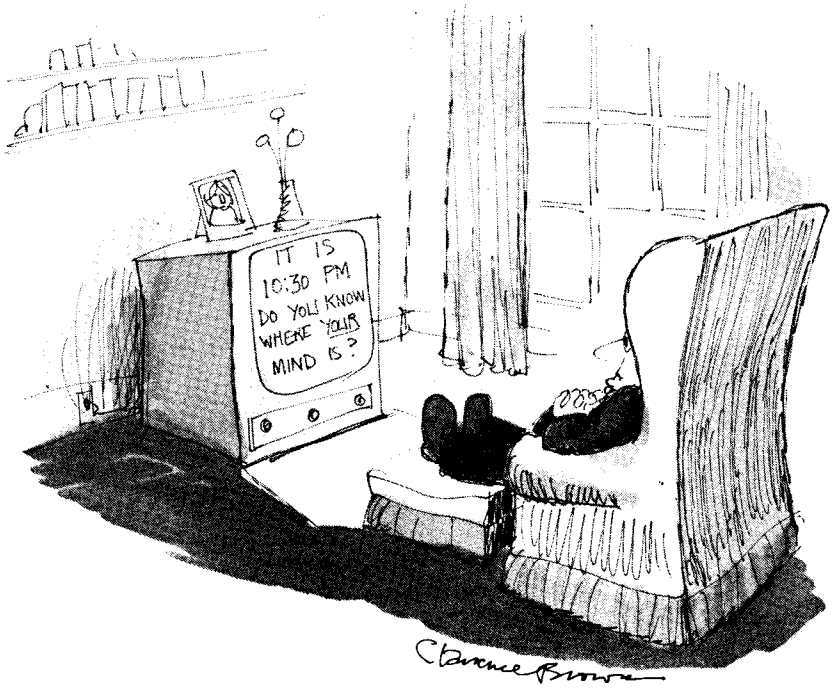
Trying to gauge the levels of lead that could be dangerous is a tricky business. We are all exposed to *some* lead all the time. We ingest trace quantities of it in our food. We breathe in greater or lesser quantities, depending on where we live and work. Thus any exposure in the workplace is *added* exposure.

Why, then, would anyone object to making every reasonable attempt to protect pregnant women and their unborn children? What's the problem?

One problem is that women, having finally made some headway in their fight for equal employment opportunities, see all this fuss over their safety in the workplace as a new excuse to discriminate against them—and they are backed in this stance, as they should be, by their unions. Many feel that each woman, fully informed of the facts and dangers, should have the right to decide whether or not she wants a job in which she would be exposed to pollutants. Though few would object to a woman's taking the risk for herself, ethicists ask if a female has the right to make the choice for her unborn child.

The legalities of the situation are even more complicated than the ethics. According to the Supreme Court decision on abortion, the fetus is part of the woman's body, and subject to her control alone. However, as Dr. Sidney Lerner of the University of Cincinnati School of Medicine points out, the fetus may later *become* a person "and may seek redress up to three years after its majority."

Why, then, can't the company simply require its female employees to inform management immediately if they get pregnant? Such has, in fact, been the established policy for many companies. The trouble is that a woman often doesn't know she is pregnant until the fetus has already passed through some of its most vulnerable early stages; so even if she is transferred to another job, it may be too late. Also, women are often afraid to let the company know about their pregnancies because they fear the loss of jobs or income. Some are the sole support of their families and are more concerned about feeding their present children than about a merely possible risk to an unborn fetus.



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For such reasons, companies have begun to believe that the only way they can protect themselves is to keep women who have CBP out of jobs in which exposures suggest the risk of birth defects.

If this principle of employment transfer is accepted, it means that large numbers of women would be banned for most of their working years from large numbers of jobs, as more and more environmental factors are turning out to be potentially hazardous to the fetus. Noise pollution, for example, is now suspect; does this mean that all women who possess CBP will be eliminated from jobs considered excessively noisy? And what of the recently recognized "fetal alcohol syndrome"? Can a woman afflicted with CBP be entrusted with a job that requires entertaining clients or going to cocktail receptions? One can readily see why women and their union representatives are putting up a fight, demanding, at least, that women who are transferred, through no fault of their own, from jobs rated as hazardous should retain their full pay, status, and seniority, even if they are assigned to positions that normally pay less.

Maintenance of high pay, however, creates another dilemma: Should men doing those lower-paying jobs claim discrimination and sue for "equal pay for equal work"? Questions have been raised, too, as to who is liable for fetal damage when the woman is not in the workplace at all. Excessive smoking, for example, can cause birth defects. Can the defective offspring sue the tobacco company? Or the liquor firm, if it's alcohol that did the damage? And what of that workplace called the home? How safe should we insist that *it* be?

Onto the scene now steals another element heretofore unconsidered: the contribution of male sperm to birth defects. Suspicion has been growing in recent years that the exposure of men to substances like vinyl chloride and anesthetic gases can affect *their* reproductive functions as well. In the specific case of lead, it has been fairly well demonstrated—though not yet universally accepted—that exposure does indeed damage sperm. Now, one can argue that this kind of damage is not nearly as serious as corresponding effects in the female. She is born with her full complement of incipient eggs; they are with her forever, and damage done is assumed to be permanent. But the male reproductive apparatus is constantly manufacturing fresh supplies of sperm, which are thus subject to relatively short-term exposures.

Many scientists, however, believe that the male contribution to birth defects is higher than anyone had thought, and may well turn out to be equal to the female's. They have had no way of being sure, as the male hasn't received equal research time due to the extreme difficulty of studying male chromosomes. Sperm cells do not ordinarily divide, so the chromosomes remain clustered in a largely undecipherable mass. Recently, however, investigators in Hawaii and at the University of Pennsylvania have succeeded in fertilizing hamster eggs with human sperm *in vitro*. How will this help? When a fertilized egg divides, the chromosomes separate and line up in neat arrays ideal for study. Since the human chromosomes are readily distinguishable from those of the hamster, the human portion can come only from the sperm. Thus the male chromosomal anomalies can now finally come under scientific scrutiny.

So our story takes a strange turn. Males may not have child-bearing potential, but they certainly have child-*siring* potential (CSP, naturally). Thus they too may now possess a disqualifying affliction. Can the lead industry allow the fertile human male to work in those jobs? A host of other industries would be faced with the same quandary. Will a man, too, have to choose between his job and sterilization? The female, at least, is perceived as reaching a point where she no longer has CBP. But a male, alas, may have CSP all his life—past his retirement age, at any rate. In a society where child labor has long since been ruled out, might we see whole categories of employment unfillable except by infertile folks and postmenopausal women?

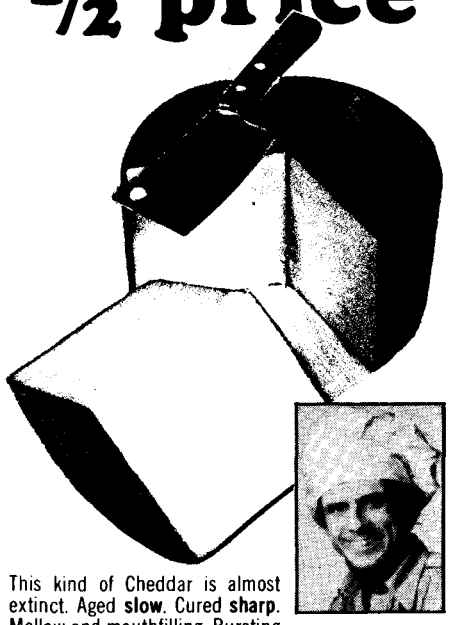
The questions are not as frivolous as they may sound. Clearly some better solutions need to be sought. Meanwhile, we should not be too eager to follow the current propensity to relax environmental safety standards because of budgetary considerations or through worries about "overregulation." Conditions in too many of the nation's workplaces can still be described only as dreadful.

The hazards of exposure, true enough, can never be brought down to zero. Nor should we expect to encounter many zero-risk situations in our complex technological civilization. But we have not begun to explore with anything like the appropriate vigor how close to zero we might come. I suspect we might come a lot closer than we have so far suspected we can. We may perhaps even move toward making workplaces safe enough for fetuses—and thus for women and men of all ages and circumstances.

But while we're generating the enthusiasm for such an unprecedented venture, and marshaling our resources for it, we must work out sensible guidelines so that our commendable—nay, indispensable—concern over the prevention of birth defects results neither in unfairly penalizing industry nor in robbing women of their scarcely won equality in the workplace.

—Albert Rosenfeld

cheddar ½ price



Gerard Paul
Director

This kind of Cheddar is almost extinct. Aged **slow**. Cured **sharp**. Mellow and mouthfilling. Bursting with buttery flavor. **Not** orange inside like commercial Cheddar. **but snowy white**—because **no** coloring, **no** chemicals, **no** preservatives are added. For **half price** I will ship you the entire virgin 3-lb. wheel. Nibble as much as you like without obligation. If not the best Cheddar of your life **simply return what is left** and I will refund all your money plus the cost of return postage.

Why this half price offer?

We are gambling that you will like our Cheddar enough to order ***again...at full price***. And then again and again after that. However, only a few prize Cheddars are being allotted for this sampling offer. Therefore please respond promptly. We suggest you use our toll free phone number below to avoid disappointment. Thank you.—Gerard Paul.

if you make your Cheddar request within the next 7 days, we will include (free) the CHEDDAR CLEAVER shown above. It is razor-sharp, half-a-foot long, and regularly sells for $4.00.

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Mail to: Gerard Paul, Dept. 151-17
Cheeselovers Bldg. Box 1200
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Yes, Mr. Paul. Please ship me your 3-lb. wheel of Sharp Aged Farm Cheddar for half price—only 7.49 (reg. $15.00). I may sample as much as I wish—free of obligation. If it is not the best Cheddar of my life, I may return what is left for a full refund plus the cost of return postage. LIMIT 1 CHEDDAR TO ANY ADDRESS—NO EXCEPTIONS.

Enclosed is 7.49 plus 2.00 shipping * handling.
Or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTER CHARGE

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GUESTVIEW

Freedom of the Press—License to Hurt?

WE STAND AT a critical juncture. A cherished American right —freedom of the press—has been so distorted in recent court interpretations that the rights of the press now threaten the rights of the individual.

In the past 15 years, court decisions have given the press more and more insulation from those who claim that the media have defamed them. In the United States, it is no longer enough for a public official or "public figure" to show that falsehoods published about him are untrue. Even if a publication were to admit it had, in fact, injured someone's reputation by printing inaccuracies or falsehoods, that person might not be able to recover any damages or even compel the magazine or newspaper to publish his side of the story. To win a libel case, a so-called public figure must prove not only that the statements made about him were false but also that they were published with "malice"—that is, that the paper knew it was printing falsehoods, or that it had published the story with what the courts call "reckless disregard" for the truth.

Is it, in fact, so difficult for a person who has been libeled to prove that the defamatory material printed was published with malice?

Difficult indeed. Who has the details of a story's being handled carelessly? The reporter and his editor. And they, with their damning details, have an impermeable refuge. Citing editorial privilege, they can refuse to disclose their rationale for selecting which materials they publish or the sources from which they have received information.

In short, the press—wittingly or not—is coming ever closer to achieving the unrestricted right to defame any member of society with virtually complete immunity.

How has this situation come about? What arguments does the press advance to justify such extraordinary "rights" in a democratic country where individual rights are supposedly supreme?

Primarily, journalists point to the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution as guaranteeing freedom of the press. The concept of free speech embodied in the First Amendment is, of course, a deeply ingrained right of the American people. But freedom of the press is only one of five freedoms cited in the amendment; it cannot be considered a "preferred" freedom any more than the First Amendment can be "preferred" over, say, the Ninth Amendment (which explicitly states that an enumerated right, such as freedom of the press, shall not deny other rights retained by the people) or the Fourteenth Amendment (which guarantees equal protection of the laws to all persons).

Moreover, we must remember that under our system of government, the public dissemination of information is, for the most part, the province of a large number of *private* organizations that must depend for their survival on their ability to make a reasonable profit.

A public figure should have access to the press to correct its allegations.

Thus it is a sober truth that Gresham's law operates in the media, as it does in many other situations. As economists know, Gresham's law says that bad money drives out good money. By analogy, bad journalism, often as not, drives out good journalism. The irresponsible journalist embellishes a prosaic story purely as a device to sell newspapers, magazines, or television time, instead of writing the truth, which may make for a less lively story or, in some circumstances, no story at all.

It is unfortunately true that the single-minded, if not blind, pursuit of a blanket exemption from liability for libel has the effect of *rewarding* the irresponsible journalist at the expense of the reporter who diligently checks his sources and demonstrates integrity in the presentation of the relevant facts.

One of the great ironies is that some of the leading cases of defamation in this country bear the names of some of the finest and most responsible newspapers; they are, in effect, carrying the ball for less-deserving journals waiting in the wings to make use of any advantage that can be obtained in court decisions.

The year 1964 marked the first of these leading cases. The *New York Times* published an advertisement containing material that a public official in Alabama—a man named Sullivan—claimed libeled him. He brought suit against the *Times*.

The Circuit Court of Alabama held that some of the material in that advertisement was, in fact, libelous; the Supreme Court of Alabama sustained an appeal, finding, in particular, that "none of the defendants questioned the falsity of the allegations in the advertisement." That court rejected the *Times*'s arguments under the First Amendment with the statement that "the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution does not protect libelous publications"; and found for Mr. Sullivan, awarding him damages of $500,000.

The *Times* appealed that decision to the U.S. Supreme Court, which reversed the Alabama courts—even though the *Times* had admitted to at least 12 "inaccuracies" in the advertisement. In the words of the U.S. Supreme Court, "the constitutional guarantees (of the First and Fourteenth Amendments) require, we think, a federal rule that prohibits a public official from recovering damages for a defamatory falsehood relating to his official conduct unless he proves that the statement was made with 'actual malice'—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not."

In decisions following the *Sullivan* case, the U.S. Supreme Court expanded the press's "qualified privilege" to defame. Previously, only public *officials* had the burden of proving malice as well as untruth in a published statement if they wanted to recover for libel. Now public *figures* cannot recover damages unless they can prove the additional fact of malice. And just who, under this doctrine, is a public figure? Anyone, the court says, who "commands a substantial amount of independent public interest at the time of the publication" or who "thrusts" his personality "into the 'vortex' of an important public controversy." This means, first, that the press can make virtually anyone a public figure just by making prominent reference to him in an article about a public controversy or matter of public interest and second, that the press can libel with virtual impunity anyone who steps into any important public controversy, unless that individual can prove malice.

There have been very few exceptions to the trend of cases that started with *Sullivan*. In 1976 the U.S. Supreme Court decided that Mary Alice Firestone was not a public figure because she was not prominent outside Palm Beach society; she was, therefore, able to recover damages for an inaccurate statement without having to prove that it was

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printed with malice. But this decision, which many thought had put us back on the right track, was followed by decisions in exact counterpoint, which once more gave the press license. In the California courts, Fred Hartley, president of the Union Oil Company of California, tried to recover for a cartoon that referred to him as "Fred Heartless"; Mr. Hartley was summarily declared to be a public figure, and thus fair game. Then in came the case in which a reporter repeated a quote saying that a group of eminent scientists were "paid liars"; the court held that the reporter could print the quote without bothering to verify the truth of the scandalous allegation. The United States Supreme Court declined to review this decision, refusing to stop, at least at this time, the trend we have described.

Nor has our National News Council, which is funded by the media and has taken on the responsibility of reviewing complaints against the communications industry, done much to head off this trend. The council is under no obligation to make judgments or even to release public comment on any complaints about the media it has reviewed.

Whatever hurts freedom of speech in one sector of the "real world" will eventually hurt all of us. We as a people should have learned by now that any institution can lapse into abuses if it is not constrained by the checks and balances that apply to the rest of our institutions.

There are solutions. The press should begin experimenting to develop means to impose rational, responsible, specific, and enforceable discipline on itself in order to establish a reasonable balance between its rights and needs and those of the American people. I am confident it can do so without doing violence to its rights under the First Amendment. It strikes me as superficial, hypocritical, and rather silly to say that our country cannot have more responsible reporting without destroying freedom of the press, or *vice versa*.

Monetary compensation in cases of libel is not, I think, the real issue. Of far greater consequence to a "public figure" than the prospect of collecting damages is the right to clear the record when he has been falsely maligned. A public figure should have access to the press, to challenge and to correct *in kind* the allegations made against him or her. By *in kind*, I mean that a front-page story proven false and malicious should be publicly corrected on the front page, with the same prominence as the original item and with all deliberate speed.

Some members of the American press seem to feel that without the protection of the "malice doctrine," libel suits would drive them bankrupt. But a lively, viable press existed in this country during the whole of the time when the law was different; indeed, there were more thriving newspapers than there are now.

Another reaction of many members of the working press to suggestions that they might improve their standards and performance, just as the rest of us constantly try to do, is that "certain quarters" are trying to "gag" them. This simply is not so. Most of the press's deficiencies probably stem from its frequently superficial knowledge of what it is writing about—coupled with a carelessness born of the near-immunity the press now enjoys.

Reporters also claim that offending errors are often unavoidable, that they are the inadvertent fallout of the rush to meet a deadline. Clearly, it is important—in fact, essential—for newspapers and magazines to be timely. But the need (or compulsion) to meet deadlines is no excuse for defamatory reports that in some instances are libelous *per se*. Deadlines are frequently arbitrary and stem more from competitive factors than from any public "need to know."

Finally, there are those who believe that any change in present practices in the U.S. would exert a "chilling effect" on news-gathering and reporting, from which the public would suffer. It is hard to see how a responsible publication would have such a problem, even though it is presumably human nature to want absolute freedom.

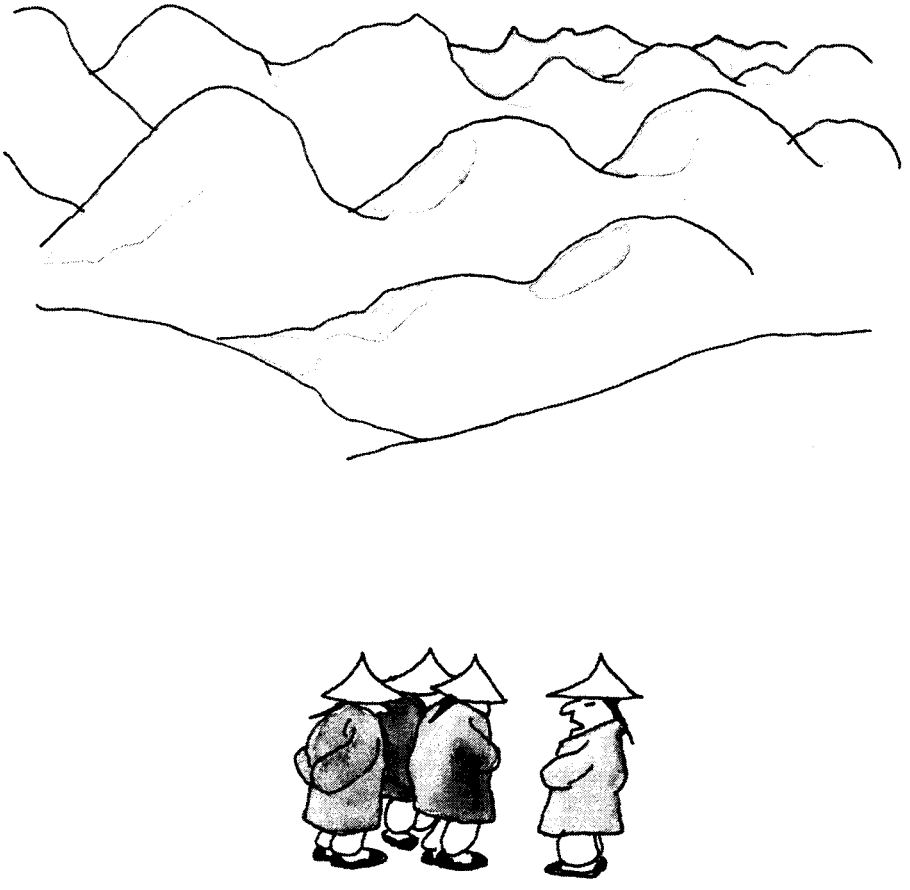
The United States already has a press that has served it well. But this should never serve as an excuse for uncritical self-satisfaction. I think our press can become even better, and I believe millions of Americans would agree with me. I think the sort of improvement and heightened sense of responsibility I am urging is in the press's own self-interest. Only irresponsible publications could be hurt by what I am suggesting.

Any improvement will require open-minded discussion and experimentation. The press must begin with the candid recognition of fallibility and of the genuine need to balance its rights against the rights of the public and the individual, whether an individual is a private or a "public" person.

In the end, the American people's sense of decency will not tolerate the wanton destruction of the most precious asset most people have—their reputation—without a fair recompense, or at least equal opportunity for correction.

—William P. Tavoulareas

Mr. Tavoulareas is president of Mobil Corporation.



"Well, men, we've got a heck of a wall to build, so let's get started."

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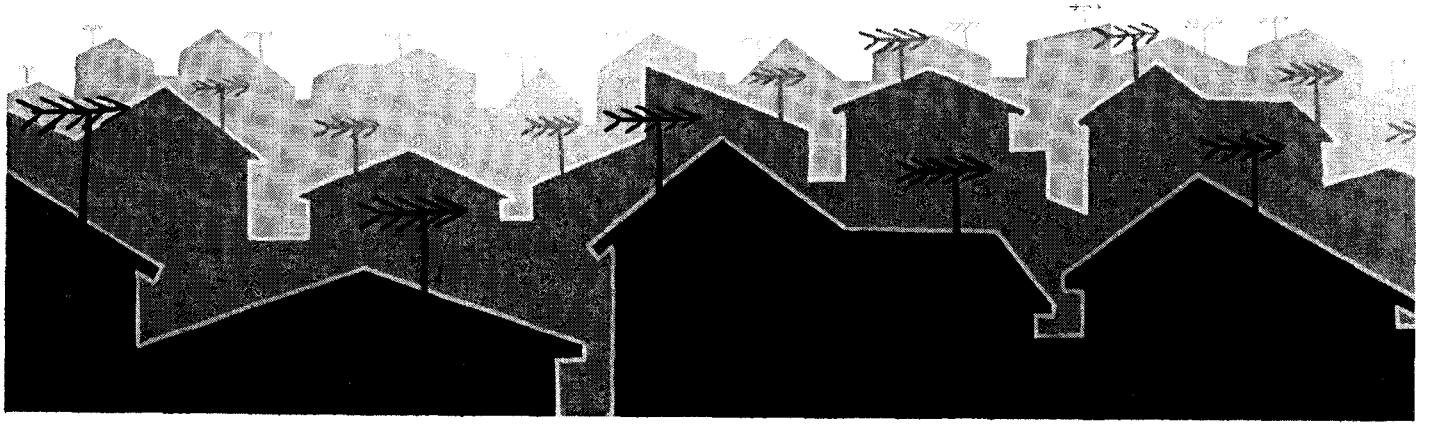
LOVE THY CITY
Marketing the American Metropolis

by Karl E. Meyer



IT WAS BOUND to happen.

Sooner or later, Americans had to come to terms with a reality we have sought to deny or ignore—that we are in essence a nation of city slickers, that the urban way of life is the norm, that far more of us live in apartment houses than in clapboards in Stockbridge or on peanut farms in Plains. Just as the 1890s saw the passing of the territorial frontier, so the 1970s have witnessed the long-postponed passing of the Main Street myth.

Indeed, it can plausibly be contended that during this decade a new entity has emerged: the city-state. As never before, we are affirming our identity as New Yorkers, Angelenos, or Chicagoans. We are doing so as consumers of news and culture, as sports fans and shoppers, as voters and housekeepers. We are becoming city-staters.

Yet, the decisive catalyst has not been in any sense ideological, but rather the most all-pervasive and least appreciated of American phenomena, marketing. For reasons that have to do with advertising strategy, it suits television to package its audience into metropolitan units. It is the impersonal calculations of marketing demographics that underlie such city-state creations as the "blockbuster" museum show, public television stations, the big-league stadium, the downtown shopping complex, the convention center, and the nightly "Eyewitness News" show.

The big city, *our* big city, is now indispensable to our self-esteem, so much so that we take a chauvinist delight in luring a Pete Rose to our ball team, or a Zubin Mehta to our symphonic podium. In some ways, we are becoming very like the original Greek city-staters, in that our thirst for urban display is overriding the less glamorous priorities of health, welfare, and education.

Consider some of the evidence.

The clearest sign of a shift in national attitudes is so obvious and familiar that it almost escapes attention—our prime-time programming. As a mirror of the age, television has a peculiar veracity of its own. The medium is rather like the garrulous and gossipy tribal griot celebrated by Alex Haley in *Roots*; its recall is selectively total about the past (as in reruns), and its silences can be unwittingly revealing.

During the turbulent Sixties, for example, the top-rated network shows seemed to depict another era, if not another planet. Big cities were virtually invisible (so was the Vietnam War). The most popular series were Westerns, like *Bonanza* and *Gunsmoke*, or bucolic sitcoms, like *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Hee Haw!* The only audible echo of the decade's fury was in the freewheeling *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In* and *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*, shows whose success presaged the dominant programming of the present.

The hix pix have gone down the tube. No longer invisible on prime time, the big city is ubiquitous. Not only do the most popular sitcoms have a clearly defined urban setting, but their themes reflect urban concerns: racial friction, single living, changing sex roles, office politics, generational conflict, and so forth. For the first time since its inception, television is presenting a recognizable cross-section of big-city denizens: blue collar and white collar, ethnic and unwhite, doctor, lawyer, beggarman, and shrink.

If we had been paying more attention, we might have been less startled by the urban resurgence of the late Seventies. Television has been providing a Greyhound Tour of supposedly dying cities; as the most pervasive validating force in our culture, the screen has been probably doing more for urban renewal than any federal spending program.

The transformation of prime time was no happenstance. It was chiefly the work of a single network president, Robert D. Wood of CBS, and it owed little to cultural elitism or political fashion. It was the pressure of demographics that opened the door to Archie and Edith, Mary Tyler Moore, and Kotter and the Sweathogs.

Wood is one of the unsung shapers of the Seventies. Born in Boise, Idaho, a graduate of USC, Wood, like most other network presidents, made his reputation in sales and management, in his case at the CBS station in L.A. His programming skills were unknown when he gained the network presidency in 1969. It was assumed that he would play it safe, since CBS was dominating the ratings with personalities like Red Skelton, Andy Griffith, Jackie Gleason, and Ed Sullivan, and with rural sitcoms like *Beverly Hillbillies, Petticoat Junction, Green Acres, Hee Haw!,* and *Mayberry R.F.D.*

But Bob Wood was troubled by the configurations of the CBS audience: Too many viewers were over 50 and lived in small towns in what the trade calls "C and D counties." If the network were to assure its primacy, he concluded, it would have to refashion its schedule to appeal to the upwardly mobile young couples living in "A" counties—the market

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CHARLES SHIELDS

most coveted by advertisers since its population density assured the widest exposure to the most affluent consumers.

Within a year, Wood confounded television row, and dismayed his own programmers, by dropping nearly all the top-rated CBS shows. Out went Skelton, Gleason, Griffith, and Sullivan. Out went all the classic hix pix. From CBS headquarters, known as Black Rock, the word went forth that the network was interested in urban-oriented, "relevant" programs, in tune with the times.

The new CBS lineup in 1970-1971 did not catch fire at first. Some shows, like *Storefront Lawyers,* featuring middle-class youths doing good works in the ghetto, were too consciously trendy. Curiously, the programs that did work were the opposite of chic: *The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* for example, featured office life in a second-rate TV station in the midwestern city of Minneapolis.

Then came *All in the Family* (inspired by BBC's *Till Death Do Us Part),* Wood's boldest gamble. ABC had twice rejected the show, created by Norman Lear and Bud Yorkin, as too risky. After the CBS premiere in January 1971, its ratings were disappointing (even the reputedly infallible Fred Silverman, then chief CBS programmer, urged dropping the series). But during the summer reruns, the Nielsens soared, and *Family* rapidly established itself as the decade's most popular program. (Its unique place was symbolically confirmed last fall when the Smithsonian Institution acquired Archie Bunker's pet armchair—the media equivalent of the Hope Diamond.) By 1976, prime time had moved irreversibly from Main Street to Sesame Street (and Wood from CBS to independent producing, after incessant squabbles with producers). Blacks, who had appeared onscreen mainly as tap dancers and singers until as recently as 1968, were now a familiar presence and the urban setting the norm. Our big cities, in fact, were like brand-name logos, with taped lead-ins featuring the landmarks of New York and Chicago, Minneapolis and Milwaukee, Washington and San Diego, plus all other points, east and west.

A PARALLEL DEVELOPMENT was occurring, meanwhile, in sports.

As a bonding mechanism, sports cannot be excelled. From the days of the earliest Olympics, when Greek city-states acclaimed their sports heroes with odes and laurels, the athlete has been seen as the incarnation of community values. So deeply felt is this identification that when Pete Rose was weighing his departure from the Cincinnati Reds last fall, there was a move to have him proclaimed a city landmark (to no avail; lured by a multimillion-dollar contract, Rose signed with the Philadelphia Phillies).

The powerful impulse that turns us into fans may even be genetic, as Edward O. Wilson, the Harvard sociobiologist, argues in his controversial new book, *On Human Nature:*

> The genius of human sociality is in fact the ease with which alliances are formed, broken, and reconstituted, always with strong emotional appeals to rules believed to be absolute....Professional sports thrives on the durability of this basic phenomenon. For an hour or so, the spectator can resolve his world into an elemental physical struggle between tribal surrogates. The athletes come from everywhere and are sold and traded on an almost yearly basis. The teams themselves are sold from city to city. But it does not matter; the fan identifies with an aggressive ingroup, admires teamwork, bravery, and sacrifice, and shares the exultation of victory.

Television both feeds on and magnifies this impulse. A whole region is turned into a stadium, and the sports hero becomes a living room intimate, his or her quirks as familiar to us as those of our siblings. And because the demographics of the sports audience have a marked allure to advertisers, television has become the principal bankroller of intercity competition.

The coast-to-coast expansion of big-league baseball in the 1960s, and the comparable reorganization of pro football in 1970, were made possible by two things: jet airplanes and broadcast revenues. The American Football League was able to merge with the wealthier NFL only after NBC signed a $42 million contract in 1964 for broadcast rights over a five-year period. ABC countered in 1969 by inaugurating *Monday Night Football,* using a reported $8 million a year to persuade the National Football League to overcome its doubts about night games.

Furthermore, the Super Bowl owes its birth to the box. The shared perception of the immense appeal of a post-season championship game impelled CBS and NBC to propose the broadcast of Super Bowl I in 1967. No fewer than 39 million fans tuned in, and successive contests—carried alternately by the two networks—have confirmed pro football's new status

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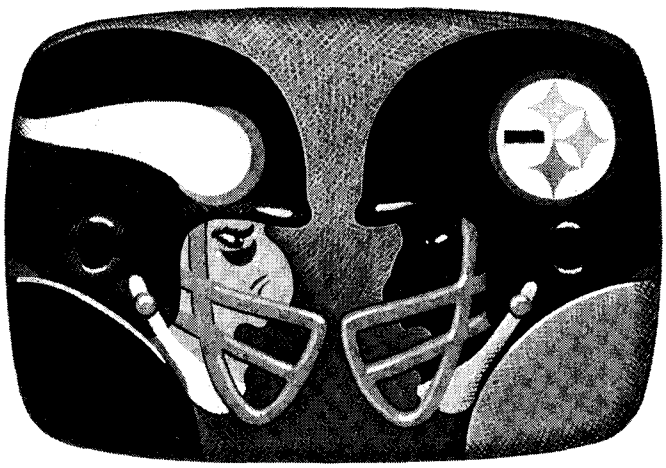
as our most telegenic spectator sport.

The aggregate effect of sports broadcasting is to convert millions of once-indifferent Americans into passionate partisans. Last year's baseball season practically turned into a surrogate city-state war. When the Boston Red Sox were overtaken and then beaten in a playoff by the New York Yankees, half of New England went into mourning; and when the same swaggering Yankees came from behind to demolish the Los Angeles Dodgers in the World Series, half of California came to loathe the Bronx Bombers, especially Reggie Jackson.

The playing field is a matrix of city-statism. A more surprising development is that equally chauvinist emotions have invaded the once-tranquil preserve of high culture.

VERY MUCH THE SAME marketing imperatives that led CBS to change its prime-time schedule apply to the ever-growing array of city-based cultural institutions: museums, community theaters, local dance and opera companies, public television stations, and so forth. With the heavy capital investment in these groups during the 1960s



and 1970s, boards of trustees have had to concern themselves with filling buildings with people, earning more membership dollars, and appealing to underwriters, corporate and governmental.

Museums provide a clear illustration of the connection between bricks and mortar and marketing. Since 1950, a minimum of $561 million has been committed to the construction of 10.2 million square feet at 123 American art museums and visual arts centers—roughly the equivalent of 13.2 Louvres. The greatest of modern architects have designed many of these museums, which serve as proud heraldic emblems of city-states. But this investment has also impelled museums to search far and wide for new funding sources. (Supporting data can be found in the author's *The Art Museum: Power, Money, Ethics,* a Twentieth Century Fund Report just published by William Morrow.)

The expanding museums have found a tempting partial solution in the "blockbuster" exhibition. Not only do these shows swell admissions revenues and shop sales, but they also provide a payoff in visibility to underwriters, corporate and public. Moreover, since museums attract middle-class patrons with coveted demographics, the "blockbuster" can prove a financial bonanza to a city's tourist industry, fusing an alliance between art and commerce.

This was clearly the case with *The Treasures of Tutankhamun,* the Hiroshima of blockbusters. By the time the golden relics complete their three-year tour of seven cities, the show is expected to gross $200 million for museums and local businesses. A major gainer was the New Orleans museum, which totaled $1 million in shop sales, compared with $75,000 the year before. According to a university study, during a four-month period in 1977, some $69.4 million was generated by Tut in food, hotel, and entertainment expenditures. As E. John Bullard, director of the New Orleans Museum of Art, put it to Grace Glueck of the *New York Times*: "The Tut show was the first major international exhibition to come to the Deep South, and it drew many tourists from outside the New Orleans area. We've had nothing of this impact before, and it's given the museum a new importance."

Small wonder that in 1975, Joseph Alioto, then the go-getting mayor of San Francisco, felt it worth flying to Washington to demand that the highly successful Chinese Archaeological Show be extended from Washington and Kansas City to his city (it was).

At the same time, the three distinctive media voices of city-statism—the local news shows, public television, and city magazines—have their own marketing reasons for promoting a city's brand name in every way possible, whether in the form of local culture, "gentrification" of declining neighborhoods, downtown shopping malls, *haute cuisine,* preservationist efforts, or even the building of convention centers.

Public television, by accident and design, has strong local roots. When the existing Public Television Service was established by an act of Congress in 1967, its constituent stations were already under the control of local nonprofit corporations and state educational authorities. The stress on localism was deliberately intensified by the Nixon White House, which feared that national programming would carry a liberal label. More than ever today, PBS is an amalgam of fiercely independent local stations, some 280 in all.

Because federal money comes on a matching-fund basis, public stations have turned to viewers for membership dollars, inevitably leading each station to stress its own call letters and its own programs. Hence the proliferation of shows with names like *Live From Lincoln Center, Previn and the Pittsburgh, Evening at Pops, Hollywood Television Theatre,* and *Austin City Limits.*

For their own part, commercial stations have turned local news into a gold mine. The rule of thumb in the industry, according to *Broadcasting,* is that local news shows can provide anywhere from 40 to 60 percent of a station's total advertising revenues. This exciting prospect was first confirmed in the 1960s by a number of ABC affiliate stations who devised the "Eyewitness News" format lasting an hour and enlivened by "happy talk" among youthful anchor-people.

The common trait of these now-universal news programs is that they are local boosters. The inevitable shootings and three-alarm fires are offset by catchy features about the quaint old codger who has built a cathedral out of matchsticks or about community groups greening streets with Arbor Day trees. Because news shows are intended to provide an alluring environment for local advertisers, it would make no business sense to dwell needlessly on the downbeat.

FOR THE SAME REASON, the new city magazines—the print media phenomenon of the 1970s—paint the city in the most iridescent hues. Slick and splashy, these publications are avowedly designed to turn readers into consumers, notably with service features. So successful have city magazines become that major dailies borrow from their urban survival manuals for the "Living" and "Style" sections found in most metropolitan newspapers.

The city magazines derive from a single prototype, *New York,* founded by Clay Felker and designed by Milton Glaser as a supplement in the old *New York Herald Tribune.* Following the *Trib*'s demise, *New York* was reborn as an independent weekly in 1968, and from the outset its beguiling graphics, relying heavily on TV's stress on "visuals," proved contagious. There are now similar magazines in virtually every big city, though in some cases they serve states or regions, as with *Texas Monthly* and the Felker-Glaser spin-off, *New West.*

One of Felker's axioms at *New York* (before he lost control in a corporate coup engineered by press magnate Rupert Mur-

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THE GRANGER COLLECTION

The Packaging of America

Television, in its own peculiar fashion, holds up a mirror to nature. As Americans have surrendered their old attachments, first to the frontier and then to Main Street, and finally admitted to being a nation of city-dwellers, television has followed right in their tracks—and led them along. TV America of 20 years ago appears to have been enacted in a wholly different country from that of today. The following list of the 20 most-watched shows from three decades shows television's long march from the hitching post to the corner drugstore to the mean streets. (Table courtesy of A.C. Nielsen, Inc.)

1958	1967	1975
1 Gunsmoke	1 Andy Griffith	1 All in the Family
2 Wagon Train	2 Lucy Show	2 Laverne & Shirley
3 Have Gun, Will Travel	3 Gomer Pyle	3 Rich Man, Poor Man
4 Rifleman	4 Gunsmoke	4 Maude
5 Danny Thomas	5 Family Affair	5 Bionic Woman
6 Maverick	6 Bonanza	6 Phyllis
7 Wells Fargo	7 Red Skelton Show	7 $6 Million Dollar Man
8 Real McCoys	8 Dean Martin	8 Sanford & Son
9 I've Got a Secret	9 Jackie Gleason	9 Rhoda
10 Wyatt Earp	10 Saturday Night at the Movies	10 Happy Days
11 Price Is Right	11 Bewitched	11 ABC Monday Movie
12 Red Skelton	12 Beverly Hillbillies	12 M*A*S*H
13 Zane Grey	13 Ed Sullivan	13 One Day at a Time
14 Father Knows Best	14 Virginian	14 The Waltons
15 Texan	15 Friday Night Movie	15 Starsky & Hutch
16 Wanted Dead or Alive	16 Green Acres	16 Good Heavens
17 Peter Gun	17 Lawrence Welk	17 Welcome Back, Kotter
18 Cheyenne	18 Smothers Brothers	18 Kojak
19 Perry Mason	19 Gentle Ben	19 Mary Tyler Moore
20 Ernie Ford	20 Tuesday Night at the Movies	20 ABC Sunday Movie

doch) was that his magazine would never denigrate New York or its people. If individuals or institutions were criticized, it was because they had somehow failed New York. This precept, too, proved contagious.

By stressing the positive, the new city-state media are obviously serving a socially desirable purpose. The less redeeming consequence springs from the essential limitation of the marketing outlook. The urban institutions featured are those that cater to the interests of the upscale audience so attractive to advertisers, and the combined weight of media publicity helps to determine city-state priorities.

Thus money is available for "blockbuster" shows but not for humdrum museum conservation; for municipal stadiums and convention centers but not services for the poor; for "gentrification" of townhouses, while slum areas are redlined.

In all this, there is a curious echo of a classic theme; a clear link can be seen between our city-states and their Greek originals two millennia ago.

EURIPIDES EXPRESSED the consensus when he advised his Hellenic audience: "The first requisite for happiness is that a man be born in a famous city." So earnestly did the Greek cities adhere to that maxim that they vied with each other in extravagant displays. In Lewis Mumford's words (in *The City in History*): "God, city, and citizens became one compact manifestation of ego." The great plague of the city, Plato advised in *The Laws*, was "not faction but distraction."

"By the fourth century," Mumford goes on, "which ushered in a great period of urban extensions and civic embellishments, the Athenians, typically enough, insisted on spending for their public games and festivals the funds they badly needed for the rebuilding of their navy, to keep off the conquering Macedonians....They were too enamored of their habitual excitements and distractions—their sports, their games and shows, and their new interest in fine cooking...to be willing to confront the life-and-death realities that called for sacrifice."

In our newfound love affair with the city, there may be a Greek gift worth examining with a critical eye. With astonishing rapidity, the United States has evolved into the world's preeminent urban society. In a historic paper read to a scholarly meeting in Chicago in 1893, Frederick Jackson Turner called attention to the significant fact that the era of the unbroken frontier was finished. At the time, Los Angeles was little more than an avaricious gleam in a developer's eye, and Houston and Dallas were cow towns.

Since then, we have experienced an urban explosion. We have more cities with an excess of one million inhabitants, a total of 27, than China (26), the USSR (12), Latin America (21), Africa (10), Western Europe (12), and Middle Asia, including India (16). (The ranking is taken from a 1975 United Nations population survey.)

Our cities are being knit into mini-states, while we are being repackaged into metropolitan units, with the most potent impetus coming from marketing, particularly as used by television. We might even reformulate Aristotle's celebrated dictum about the ideal size of a city—a voting population not too large to hear a single speaker—by defining the boundaries of our city-states by the reach of a television signal. This is precisely the criterion used by Standard Rate and Data, the trade bible for TV advertisers, which lists all our cities in a graded order of "Areas of Dominant Influence," irrespective of political lines. (The familiar "Tri-state weather forecast," it could be added, proclaims a station's hegemony.)

But the pitfall of the marketing outlook—no matter how efficacious its "penetration"—is that its apostles see all of us as consumers first, and citizens second. The more literally we regard ourselves as demographic statistics, to be bought and sold like apples and oranges, the more elusive will be the Heavenly City we aspire to create. ◉

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How Roy Innis Ravaged CORE

by Harry Zehner

"IT WAS THE very soul of the civil-rights movement," says the Rev. Jesse Jackson. "In 1963 it had more people marching for desegregation in Greensboro than Dr. King had in Birmingham." It was more activist than the NAACP, more northern and integrated than the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, more established and respected than the militant Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Today law-enforcement officials charge that the organization is little more than a shell for the collection of funds, which are systematically siphoned off by its leading officials. Former members and executives charge that it serves as a hit squad for a vindictive director. And the group has become ideologically hollow. The subject of this tragic, and sometimes farcical, collapse is the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and its director, Roy Innis.

Founded in 1941 by six students at the University of Chicago—four white and two black—CORE grew to prominence under national director James Farmer in the early Sixties. The group espoused nonviolent protest in the Gandhian tradition; its 1961 Freedom Ride, a daring foray into the Deep South that precipitated massive violence and over 300 arrests, was one of the most dramatic moments of the desegregation struggle.

UPI

Roy Innis—Accused of "ruthless domination, violence, and self-aggrandizement."

But by the mid-Sixties nonviolent action was falling out of favor with a more radical generation of black leaders. Malcolm X, H. Rap Brown, and others were calling for black power, black separatism, and black nationalism, along with the outright seizure, by force if necessary, of those rights which the "power structure" had unjustly withheld from black Americans. By 1966, Black Muslims and Stokely Carmichael had been featured speakers at CORE conventions.

In 1966, criticized within the organization for financially ineffective leadership and taunted by some of its black members for his interracialism, Farmer turned the national directorship over to Floyd McKissick, a North Carolina lawyer. McKissick, with the support of Innis and the separatist contingent, immediately positioned CORE under the standard of black power, and, when the 1967 convention moved to officially eliminate the word "multiracial" from its constitution, he noted that this action would "let the world know the direction that CORE was going."

When McKissick left in 1968, Innis, former chairman of the turbulent Harlem chapter, was elected national director and proclaimed that CORE had become "once and for all ... a black nationalist organization." "Integration as an end in itself," he stated, "is as dead as a doornail."

CORE BEGAN SPINNING out of sight soon after this series of events. The organization that has emerged today bears little resemblance to the original dream of 1941. Lengthy investigation and interviews with a wide range of law-enforcement officials and former

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CORE members uncovered repeated allegations of ruthless domination, violence, and self-aggrandizement, apparently coordinated and applied by one man—Roy Innis.

The once nonviolent CORE is now charged with acts of violent intimidation. Marvin Peay, Innis's national director of security until 1976, recalls an apparent assassination attempt. On February 27, 1974, in Washington, D.C., he watched Malcolm Drummond, a member of his own security team, shoot Jimmy Howard, a former Innis ally and the bodyguard of Waverly Yates, CORE's northeastern regional director and an Innis opponent. Howard was "hit on Innis's instructions," says Peay. Furthermore, he claims, "On three separate occasions Innis gave me instructions to assassinate Waverly Yates, and, after the fumbled Howard hit, he said, 'I want that s.o.b. Drummond killed. That f------ idiot let me down.'"

A bench warrant for Drummond was issued but later withdrawn, in part because the police officer who originally handled the matter left the Washington police force. Howard declined to press charges. According to a law-enforcement official associated with the case, "Howard has changed his lifestyle and is afraid; Drummond won't come to Washington from Los Angeles to admit that he shot someone. So, although the case does point to Innis and a conspiracy, without the two principals, Howard and Drummond, we have nothing to bring to a court of law." The statute of limitations, in any case, ran out this year.

Asked about the Howard shooting, Farmer states: "Drummond has twice confessed to me that he shot Jimmy Howard, once over the phone and once in a copy of a Mailgram that he sent to Innis. He wanted immunity from prosecution, however, before he would go to the authorities with his evidence."

The case of Ray Cunningham presses even closer to the center of CORE. Cunningham, a highly successful CORE fund-raiser, resigned from the organization in 1976 because, according to one Los Angeles law-enforcement official, "he claimed to have become disillusioned with Innis's Idi Amin gangster tactics." At the time, Innis complained that Cunningham still had a list of CORE donors which he wanted returned; Cunningham denied having such a list and demanded commission money that CORE owed him from his fund-raising activities.

On the afternoon of November 18, 1976, Peay, William (Tank) Hill, and Terry Shumake, all members of Innis's "security team," sat in a car outside Cunningham's office. When he walked out, the three ran into an adjacent parking lot and began beating Cunningham with rubber mallets.

Looking back on the incident today, Cunningham says, "I was beaten very severely. I was kicked and pummeled in the head to the point where the wooden mallet handles snapped off. I had a broken left cheek bone, a crushed nasal cavity, three fractured ribs, and numerous abrasions. Additionally, I have, as a result of the assault, a hearing impediment and a lack of sensation on the left side of my face. I am personally convinced, and there is no doubt in my mind, that Roy Innis ordered my beating." Burton Schneirow, the deputy district attorney for Los Angeles County, says that Peay confessed to him that "it was Innis who gave the orders to beat Cunningham."

Schneirow prosecuted the three assailants, and on May 12, 1978 they were convicted. On July 14, Peay and Hill received sentences of six months in jail and five years probation; Shumake got

WIDE WORLD

James Farmer—"Taunted for interracialism."

five years probation and three months in jail. Currently free on appeal, Peay would not provide a direct comment on the Cunningham assault, but did confirm that it was "an organizational matter, not a personal thing."

Innis has denied involvement in either the Howard shooting or the Cunningham beating; and the allegations lodged against him must be viewed in light of the fact that Yates, Charles Cook, CORE's western regional director, and others have instituted legal proceedings in New York to wrest control of CORE from Innis, against whom they have waged a bitter feud.

BUT THE allegations do not stop at violence. CORE also stands accused in court of grave financial improprieties.

In December of last year, New York State assistant attorney general William Lee submitted charges against Innis, Mary Dennison (former vice president and secretary of CORE), and Wendell Garnett (CORE treasurer) to the State Supreme Court. The three were accused of "unlawful fund-raising practices," "maintaining nonexistent, 'paper programs,'" systematically "looting" the organization's funds, and perpetuating Innis's "one man directorship" of CORE.

Specifically, the affidavit states that CORE employed a "technique of fear and apprehension" in soliciting funds for its *Equal Opportunity Journal*, the very existence of which Lee questions. CORE has become, the affidavit continues, "an organization whose sole raison d'etre had degenerated to the acquisition of more and more money, none of which ever reached the intended beneficiaries, the disadvantaged minority members."

CORE proved to be immensely successful in raising funds, though less so in employing them. The 1973/74 annual report listed contributions from 82 major corporations, including Standard Oil, Union Carbide, IBM, and others. One black manager of collections in Los Angeles (who refused to be directly quoted because, she said, she didn't want to be "the next Ray Cunningham") recalls that "in 1974 receipts averaged $50,000 per week from businesses throughout the United States. Once the checks came in, I recorded them, sent them down to the bookkeepers, and then I don't know where the money went. But I can tell you this: The funds were *not* allocated for the programs that were purported to be designed to upgrade the minority communities. Mr. Innis refused to fund those programs; he used CORE money for his own personal purposes." Peay, who also worked as sales manager, puts the receipts even higher, at more than $65,000 per week.

Fund-raisers used high-pressure sales tactics to boost receipts. The Los Angeles manager of collections recalls, "We would tell people on the phone, 'We've had a plumbing disaster in our day-care center, and we need you to rush that check right away. *Today*!' At the time that I was telling people that, we didn't even have a day-care center."

"The idea," says Peay, "was to create intimidation. Innis understands the nerves of America and the delicacy surrounding the race question." Playing on the guilt and fear of whites proved a lucrative fund-raising tactic.

In 1976, CORE claimed total annual revenues of $4,081,559, but, the Lee affidavit asserts, the Editorial, Community Renewal, Child Day Care, Prison Reform, Tutorial Reading, Media Communication, Job Bank, Housing, Employment Referral, Modeling, and Operation Self Help programs had no more than "paper existence," merely shams "to satisfy the reporting requirements" of governmental agencies.

One example is the New York Child

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Day Care program, which cost CORE $58,631 (including a $300-a-month phone bill) and served, by CORE's own admission, only four children in 1976. Lee charges, with only faint hyperbole, that "if CORE were to be taken at its word, the amount spent per child would be sufficient to send them to the best private institutions through graduate school." The New York Modeling Program, on which CORE purportedly spent $197,873 in 1976, was just a "minimal program," in Lee's words, and consisted, according to Charles Cook, of a few Saturday training sessions and one fashion show during the entire year.

Even more serious are the accusations of the "diversion and misappropriation of funds." Lee charges CORE with:

> the systematic looting of funds solicited from the public for charitable purposes. During the fiscal year ending May 31, 1976, a grand total of almost half a million dollars was found to have been drained from CORE for the personal living expenses of the corporate officers and directors.

The alleged misappropriation involves "payments of rent for personal living quarters," "furniture for the homes of corporate officers," "lavish travel and entertainment on a weekly basis," "car rentals for year-round personal use," "hotel bills at the best of establishments amounting to tens of thousands of dollars," and "restaurant charges running to hundreds of dollars a clip, all at establishments that resemble a *New York Times* guide to fine dining."

How was half a million dollars used for the personal living expenses of CORE's directors? During 1976, for example, Roy Innis and Mary Dennison (also known as Mary Dennison Innis, mother of Roy Innis's son, Niger) were responsible for almost $64,000 in travel expenses. There is the inordinately large number of checks, drawn from CORE accounts in 1976 and totaling $63,483.62, made out to "Cash." Lee alleges that in 1976 CORE paid for Roy and Doris Innis's apartment, for $600 worth of landscaping work at Mary Dennison's apartment, and for other personal expenses. All are listed under the rubric "Special Projects," which, according to Lee, "is the code for certain personal benefits inuring to key personnel."

A CORE savings account, drained of $74,000, was labeled 'slush fund.'

The diversion of funds was nothing if not brazen. For instance, Lee's affidavit contains a requisition form for eight tickets to the 1976 Ali-Norton fight at Madison Square Garden; under the heading "Particulars of Purchase," someone has written "executive conference." ("I bought those tickets," says Peay, "and that was no executive conference.") Equally bizarre is the transcript of a savings account (the existence of which was not reflected in CORE's books) at the Central Savings Bank in New York, which, between August 12, 1975 and April 6, 1976, was emptied of $73,904.08; in the upper left-hand corner of the transcript are the handwritten words "slush fund." Finally, between July 7 and December 30 of 1976, check-requisition forms indicate that $2,500 of CORE money was sent to Linah Kateteyi, also known as Linah K. Innis, listed on the forms as a "CORE Representative" in Nairobi, Kenya; Linah Kateteyi is, according to Yates, Cook, and Peay, a "wife" of Innis', "given" to him by Idi Amin, and the mother of another one of his children.

In a written statement Innis denied any financial misdoings, calling Lee a "racist" and labeling the charges "vicious lies" and "an intentional distortion of the truth." Innis pointed out that CORE presently operates a functioning, fully accredited school in the South Bronx, though he did not deal specifically with any of the charges leveled by the attorney general's office.

The Amin adventure is only one of

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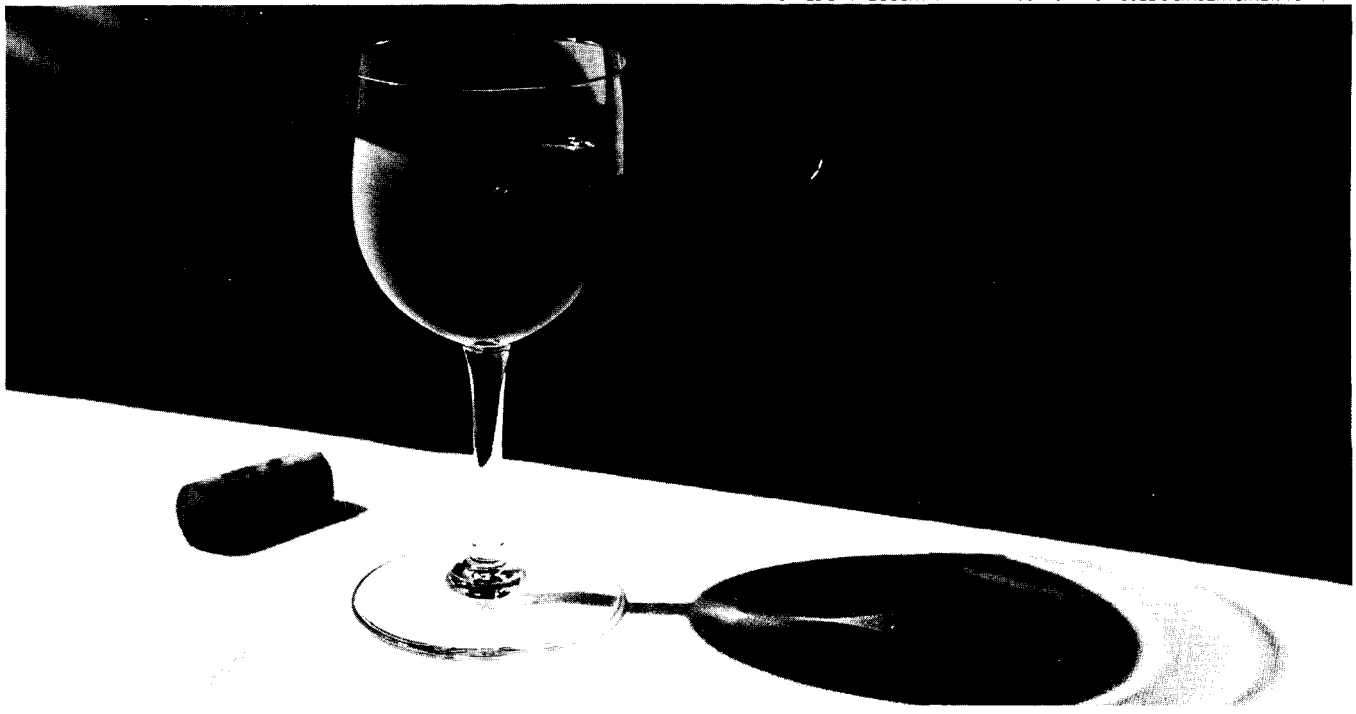

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several international episodes that have made CORE's ideology as mercurial as its finances. When he toured Uganda in 1973, Innis conferred a life membership in CORE on Idi Amin in exchange for honorary citizenship in Uganda; returning to the United States, Innis proclaimed that 50 black technicians would depart for the African country to replace Asians whom Amin had expelled. Innis predicted that "General Amin will lead a liberation army to free those parts of Africa still under the rule of the white imperialists." No black Americans ever went to Uganda for this project.

In 1976 Innis said that CORE had recruited between 300 and 1,000 black American veterans to fight in the Angolan civil war on the side of the Total Independence of Angola, favorite party of Western countries and South Africa. The Organization of African Unity denounced CORE as an "anti-African reactionary group," and Farmer resigned from CORE's advisory board after critizing Innis's suggestion as a "disservice to black Americans, the American nation, and Africa." No black Americans ever went to Angola for this project.

More recently, in June of 1978, Innis announced that CORE, in concert with a Harlem-based company known as Dennison Management (headed by Mary Dennison), had entered into an agreement with Prudential International Commodities, a company headquartered in Beirut, Lebanon, to develop a $40 million enterprise which would send 10,000 to 12,000 workers from the South Bronx and Harlem to the Middle East for the purposes of processing food and producing cement and other construction materials. Hamzi Bedria, chief executive officer of Prudential International Commodities in America, failed to return numerous calls about this matter. No black Americans have gone to the Middle East for this project.

Innis, as usual, defends himself stoutly, if vaguely. Referring to Farmer's criticism as "malicious prosecution," he compares his junkets to Angola and Uganda to "the head of B'nai Brith traveling to Israel." The trips themselves he characterizes as part of CORE's international policies of good will.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to this once so revered organization? Invariably, former and current CORE members point to the personality and leadership of Innis himself. In an affidavit filed in New York State Supreme Court, CORE member Leonard DeChamps recalls that Innis said more than once, "The monies of CORE are my money and CORE is my organization and I'll run it the way I see fit." Two other former CORE members attest to the fact that Innis often said at staff meetings, "I am the King of France and you will do what I say."

But the fires searing CORE are more intense and larger than the activities of one man. Howard Zinn of Boston University says that "while CORE's recent development seems somewhat sordid, the civil-rights organizations, in general, have had a hard time of it, and CORE just floundered. It might have been better if CORE had just disappeared, like SNCC....There is, and was, an inability to adapt to the more complex, difficult problems of blacks in America, the economic problems."

Whether or not CORE has any future at all is impossible to state. In early March, Farmer met with a wide range of veterans of the desegregation battles, vowing to weld together a vigorous new organization to fight the racial struggles of the immediate future. He did not, however, mention CORE by name. Yates and Cook, as reported earlier, are trying to wrest control of the group from Innis. Should they succeed, they say, CORE would "have a multiracial membership to serve the multiracial disadvantaged."

But there isn't much of CORE left. No one knows its present size because CORE refuses to give out any numbers. Even if Yates and Cook were to gain control of CORE, they would find themselves with little more than a shell. ◉

Harry Zehner is a freelance writer living in New York City.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE SOLDIERS GONE?

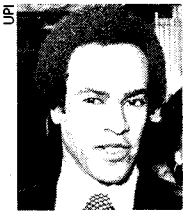
This decade has shown a peculiar and evenhanded genius in poisoning ideological experiments—the People's Temple, Synanon, the Black Panthers. Radical black organizations, and their leaders, have had an especially tough time of it, having lost their grip on America's conscience, as well as on its imagination. The furious warriors of the Sixties have been reduced to shadow-boxing; others have given up altogether. Following is a tour through the pantheon of black leaders.

WIDE WORLD

Eldridge Cleaver Panther chieftain, organizer, and presidential candidate; author of *Soul on Ice*. Jailed for murder in 1968, jumped bail, and fled to Canada, finally settling in Algeria. Returned from exile in 1975 as a born-again Christian. Has since appeared on television with another ex-con, Charles Colson, and developed a line of men's clothing sporting codpieces.

UPI

H. Rap Brown Successor to Carmichael as head of SNCC; author of the phrase, "Burn, baby, burn." Imprisoned in 1972 for holding up a bar. In jail he converted to Islam, and took the name Jamil Abdullah al-Amin. He now runs a grocery store in the black West End of Atlanta.


UPI

Huey Newton Co-founder of the Panthers at the tender age of 25, and leader of the remnants of the group since emerging from jail in 1970. Once identified with the less extreme elements of the Panthers, he is now facing trial for the murder of a 17-year-old prostitute, having been acquitted of a violent beating when the victim mysteriously lost his memory of the event.

UPI

Stokely Carmichael Former head of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), which was itself consigned to oblivion in 1975, he was drummed out on becoming Prime Minister of the Panthers in 1968. Today he lives in Conakry, Guinea, and periodically lectures in the United States under the aegis of the All-African People's Revolutionary Party, a "paper party" according to one observer.

Andrew Young Like some other moderates, a success story. A minister and executive of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference for 10 years, later a U.S. Congressman from Georgia. Now U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

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Included in the collection will be the *Tiger*--the first plate, shown above--and the *Leopard, Panther, Lion, Cheetah, Snow Leopard, Puma,* and *Jaguar.*

Commissioned by the American Collector's Guild, the plates--9 full inches in diameter--will be crafted by Phoenix China, one of America's premier producers of fine-art porcelain china. The exceptional translucence and whiteness of fine porcelain china are ideally suited to bring out the subtle colors and precise details of Peter Skirka's art. Additionally, each plate will be bordered with precious 23 karat gold.

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Note: Upon the completion of the collection, the American Collector's Guild will make a substantial contribution to the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, founded in the Channel Islands by naturalist Gerald Durrell, and dedicated to the preservation, breeding, and eventual reintroduction into their native habitats of endangered species of the world.

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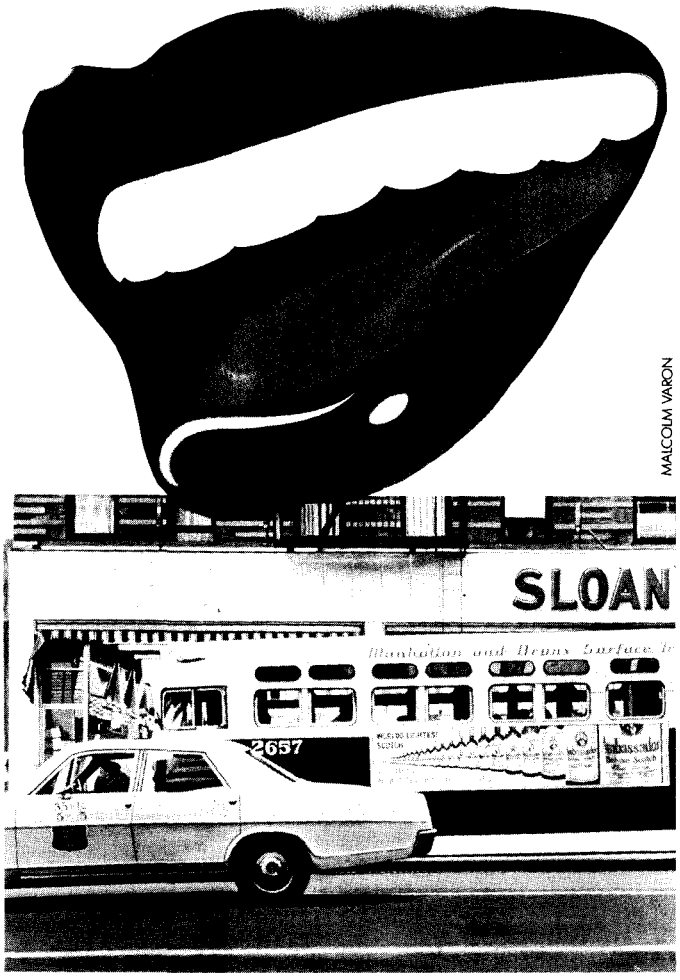
LOOKOUTS

Enterprised Art

Corporate art. Sounds deadly, doesn't it? Until you read names like Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, Stuart Davis, Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, Alexander Calder, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Andrew Wyeth, all of whom are represented in *Art Inc.: American Paintings From Corporate Collections*. The selection of 90 works from major corporations across the country will be shown at the Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, in Alabama, through May 7. From there it will travel to the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (June 11 to July 14); the Indianapolis Museum of Art (August 8 to September 23); and the San Diego Museum of Art (November 17 to December 30).

Some of the works will come as somewhat of a surprise, while others seem just right. Iowa's American Republic Insurance Company has loaned its Andy Warhol; one of *Playboy*'s offerings is Tom Wesselmann's *Mouth No. 8*.



MALCOLM VARON

Tom Wesselmann's **Mouth No. 8** *(1967) and Richard Estes's* **Sloan's Supermarket** *(1968).*

Wodehouse Redivivus

Clarence Chugwater—the man who saved England from an invasion by the Chinese general Prince Ping Pong Pang and the German generals Grand Duke Vodkakoff and Prince Otto of Saxe-Pfennig—has resurfaced. Wodehouse scholar David Jasen dug up "The Swoop" (in which we meet Chugwater) and other tales that the young Wodehouse had churned out for magazines and shilling-a-piece paperbacks around the turn of the century. The prolific author himself had forgotten about these early pieces, which Jasen has brought together in *The Swoop and Other Stories by P.G. Wodehouse* (Seabury Press).

Musical Chairs

Bob James has decided to claim a bit of the limelight he's been supplying so generously to others for the past several years. James—whose credits include four years as a music director for Sarah Vaughan, arranger and/or producer for such musicians as Paul Simon, Dionne Warwick, Neil Diamond, Kenny Loggins, and Stanley Turrentine—has composed, arranged, and produced the crossover (i.e. popular) jazz *Touchdown* (Tappan Zee).

Another composer who's been playing musical chairs is Jim Rafferty. The Scottish musician, who made his name as a songwriter for Decca, has focused his talents on himself in *Jim Rafferty* (London Records). His quiet, uncomplicated music is threaded with echos of country, pop, and folk songs. In one—"Bishop's Mountain"—he's even borrowed bits of traditional bagpipe tunes.

ROBERT LIGHTFOOT

Pace and purpose setter Solti.

High Price and Solti

Leontyne Price's successes in the title role of Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* are not merely equalled but surpassed in the new London recording, thanks to the conducting of Sir Georg Solti and the playing of the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

From the first measures, Solti creates a sense of pace and purpose that looks to the work's climax two hours away. This kind of assurance is always comforting, in either the concert hall or the opera house. It is especially welcome in *Ariadne*, that artful offspring of Moliere's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, in which Strauss and his collaborator Hugo von Hofmannsthal made a workable scheme of a rich man's whim to have a serious opera and a *commedia dell'arte* performed simultaneously.

Few conductors have equalled Solti's command of the grand sweep and the delicate touch to make both the heavy and light cream of this jest mix. He has blended the voices of such excellent singers as Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, and Walter Berry with the lustrous one of Price.

—I.K.

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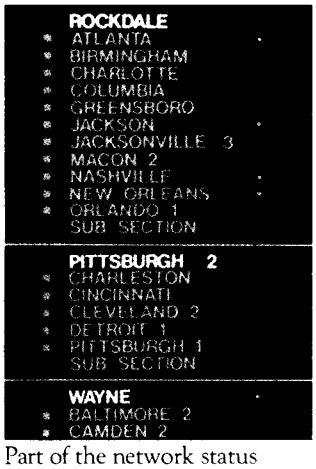

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Hans Jürgen Syberberg: Germany's Most Feared Film-maker

by Gitta Sereny

Syberberg's Hitler *lays bare the truth that we in fact are responsible for that evil.*

THE RECENT British Film Institute award of its prestigious "Best Film of the Year" prize to German film-maker Hans Jürgen Syberberg for his seven-hour *Hitler, a Film From Germany* was not surprising to film lovers who had attended the world premiere at the British Film Festival in November, 1977. It *was* a surprise to most Germans. Or at least it would have been, had they been told about it by their newspapers.

Strange though it may sound on these more dispassionate shores, Syberberg and the combined major newspapers of Germany are at war, and his last three films, all related to Hitler, have been virtually boycotted by German reviewers.

It is because of what Syberberg calls the "destructive attitude" of the press that the 44-year-old director, who is considered by many film experts in France and Britain the most original film-maker in Germany, decided in the autumn of 1977 to withdraw from Germany, at least for a time, his most important film to date.

It would be easy to blame this extraordinary enmity on a rejection by the critics of the Hitler theme; or, as claim the reviewers, on Syberberg's extravagantly egocentric personality, which—with constant long letters and telephone calls to editors (he published a whole book in 1976 deprecating his critics)—demands constant attention.

But either of these explanations would be oversimplifications. The Germans do not reject indictments of Hitler: They rejected Hitler long ago, and innumerable books, films, and plays on the subject receive fair hearing every year. Nor—though Syberberg *is* exceptionally sensitive to criticism and does believe he is isolated in a sea of hate—would any personality problem, however irritating, explain what amounts to a conspiracy of silence, condemnation, and ridicule.

"I am an outsider," Syberberg says, "an irritant; an intellectual aesthete, which is a dirty word here. I am the antithesis of what life and values in Germany have become. My three sins are that I believe Hitler came out of us, that he is one of us; that I am not interested in money, except to work with; and that I love Germany."

After leaving the university in Munich in 1962, Syberberg in two years made 185 short films for Bavarian television; and between 1965 and 1970 he made six full-length films, five of them documentaries. "But those were not on 'dangerous subjects,'" claims Eckart Schmidt, a young freelance reviewer in Munich who, at considerable risk to his own career, continues to support Syberberg. "He got prize after prize, and the critics heaped praise on his head for his novel investigative approach to documentary. But in 1970, with *San Domingo,* in which he took issue with communes, the rock lifestyle, and even the first stirrings of terrorism, he began to touch the raw nerve of our German taboos and immediately lost his rapport with the critics. Their campaign against him intensified with each of his subsequent films, which were increasingly offensive to our special German sensibilities."

Last spring I spent several days with Syberberg at his three-story villa in the exclusive "English Garden" district of Munich, where he lives with his wife Helga, a dark-haired Viennese beauty who has worked with him for 16 years, and their 11-year-old daughter Amelie.

The house is full of beautiful things, colors, flowers, and agreeable smells (Helga, aside from everything else, is a passionate cook).

The furniture in the tiny studio, a converted garage, is ultrasimple: a desk

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Syberberg with puppets of Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, and Himmler.

with a cane chair, an Empire sofa and armchair, a few other haphazard pieces of furniture, books, mementoes and photographs from his films, and, in the corner, an old-fashioned wood-burning stove.

Syberberg's appearance and manner are deceptive; handsome in the classical North German mold, he is slim, blond, and silky-voiced. His hair looks perpetually tousled, and though he dresses with apparent carelessness, he can become ecstatic about clothes. He likes to think of himself as infinitely private, quiet, and gentle, but talks about himself by the hour, and it may be no accident that Amelie calls him not father but "Tiger."

Born in 1935 in Pomerania, Prussia (in what is now East Germany), he is the son of an upper-middle-class industrialist turned farmer and a woman who, six months after the baby's birth, tired of her husband's roving eye and left. After that, he was taken care of by a succession of nannies, "who kept leaving because Father wanted to get them into bed," and finally a "stepmother."

As a small boy he lived a disciplined and rather solitary life. "I was forever running after the village children—they accepted me all right—after all, they lived on our land—but my life was so different from theirs, it was difficult." His first real friend, at seven, was the eight-year-old half-sister he met when he was finally allowed to visit his mother in Berlin. "I had adored a number of older village girls—I have always adored girls—but she was the first one who was 'mine,' part of my life—who couldn't get away. I really loved her for years."

His father, while on the political right (although decidedly anti-Nazi), was a passionate anglophile. "I am sure that my father's love for fairness, and for England, had a great influence on me. But of course, Hitler was my childhood."

When Germany lost the war, Jürgen's father split up the land among his peasants and tried to stay in Pomerania. "It didn't work. After two-and-a-half years we moved into a flat in Rostock, the provincial capital, and my father turned to photography to make a living. It was a very different life. But I made friends with boys at school who introduced me to theater, opera, and art. I loved this, and I loved photography."

He left East Germany in 1953 when he was 17— "I had listened to a show trial on the radio and at one moment the judge broke into the defense attorney's speech and screamed, 'If you say one more word in mitigation, I'll put *you* in the dock.' That was it for me."

For the next three years, Jürgen attended school in Westphalia, where the West German state had sent him to live. "There was an unbridgeable gulf between my experience as a strictly educated East German and the relaxed free boys in West Germany. I boarded in a farmhouse and from after school to midnight, when I went to bed, I was alone."

In 1963, he met Helga, who was working as a multilingual secretary in a film office. "Now there were two of us, homeless in Bavaria; she too had left her home in Vienna."

He has felt homeless ever since his family left the Pomeranian village. "I feel a stranger here in Munich. Of course, now we have our house, and there is the family—Amelie."

Amelie is the apple of his eye. Syberberg cast her as the central figure of the Hitler film, as the child through whose eyes the whole Hitler period is seen—a decision he now questions with agony. He treats her like an adult, and yet is infinitely protective of her. "They have a very special relationship," said Helga. "She is deeply shy. She only agreed to be in the film for Jürgen—she did it for him because he needed her. It was a very personal thing between the two of them."

In fact, Amelie is the main reason that he doesn't want to run *Hitler* in Germany. "*That* is where they will really try to get at me—through her—because I used my child in that film." The tension in his voice was almost tangible. Syberberg is a very angry man.

"Of course," said another member of the German press who, significantly, requested not to be named, "he has a right to be angry. He is a magical talent, a man of soaring imagination. In Germany, where Hitler films are such an important part of life, we are afraid of film men with imagination."

The three films that harmed Syberberg most in Germany (and, paradoxically enough, made his reputation abroad) were *Ludwig—Requiem for a Virgin King* (1972), *Karl May* (1974), and

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finally the documentary *The Confessions of Winifred Wagner* (1975).

"Ludwig," said Syberberg, "was not at all conceived as part of any Hitler cycle. Somebody asked me why didn't I make a Ludwig film and I decided one could do it by associating him with rockers, bike maniacs—a joke, you know. But when I began to research, I realized I was on the wrong track: King Ludwig had sold Bavaria to Bismarck, led a life which resembled that of a contemporary drug addict, and was finally destroyed by his homosexuality. And yet, at the same time, he *made* Richard Wagner: Without Ludwig, there would have been no Wagner. So you see, no joke after all!"

In the film, Hitler appears to the king in a nightmare. The Fuehrer is dancing at the victory celebration in 1872 ("the foundation of the German Reich," explains Syberberg) with the king's valet, who is wearing an SA uniform. Then Hitler, the king, and the valet are joined by the adventure-story writer Karl May, who because he is also a Wagner lover, speaks familiarly to Ludwig about the Germany of the future.

"Here I had them all together," explained Syberberg. "Ludwig, Karl May, Hitler—three pathological egocentrics in 'recent' German history—and the link, Wagner. This is where the idea for the other films was born."

Karl May, the James Fenimore Cooper of German literature (and the favorite author of Adolf Hitler), wrote nearly 100 successful books about the American Wild West and the Arabian desert. "My film of Karl May only covers his last 10 years. When he was very famous, rich, and adulated by millions, he found himself suddenly threatened with public disclosure of his criminal past and the fact that he had never been to America or Arabia, or known the noble savages he described. For years he paid fortunes to journalists to buy their silence. Finally he gave up: He no longer wanted fame, money, or possessions. He spent the last years of his life in a mystical search for a new self. A very German search," he says, wryly.

Syberberg's *Winifred Wagner,* a documentary about Wagner's daughter-in-law and Hitler's great friend, was a sudden inspiration and a stroke of luck. "Many people had tried to get to her over the years. It fell into my lap through a close relative of hers who was a friend of ours. Frau Wagner fascinated me. But also, contrary to all my other films, a film about her was obviously a commercial proposition, and I needed more money for the Hitler film."

Said Gerhard von Halem, "Nobody in the business can understand how Jürgen manages on the sums he gets." When Syberberg is making a film, his staff consists of an assistant, the cameraman, and himself. And all his films,

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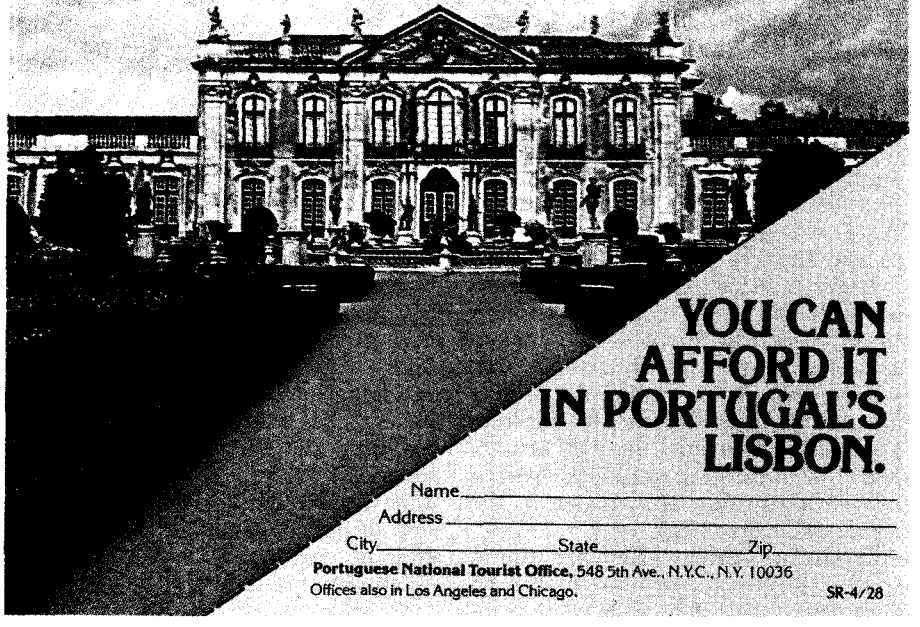

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Syberberg's daughter Amelie in Hitler— *"An Alice in a Wonderland of horrors."*

all taking many hours more than they were budgeted for, all looking like million-dollar productions, are made for pittances.

"German reaction to the Wagner film was quite strange," said Syberberg. "Winifred's public acknowledgment of her enduring friendship and affection for Hitler, at first of course shocking, finally met with considerable understanding and even admiration here, not only from Nazis, but from the critical young. When this woman, this grandmother, says 'I loved him; I cannot explain why. He may have had—I suppose he did have—a second dark side to his being. But it has nothing to do with my love for him, and how can one explain that?'—our young are grateful, for once, to hear the truth."

Hitler, a Film From Germany takes seven hours to lay bare and explain these truths. The film is not a documentary, but a work of the imagination which, wrote Alan Brien in the London *Times,* "spins slowly, like a slow-motion Catherine wheel, but...casts off an endless flow of burning questions, leaving behind a dazzling after-image in the mind, difficult to blink away."

"What is different about my film is that it hurts. I don't do this to be provocative. I do it because what is involved are horribly painful, totally unresolved conflicts that, until I made my films, had never been aired."

Hitler is basically a trial: Without courtroom and virtually without actors, it takes place in our minds—and our instructed minds at that. We "try" Hitler as we relate what is never shown but what, after all, we *know* he did, to the voices of Goebbels, Churchill, Roosevelt, and German freedom fighters; to long monologues spoken by actors representing Himmler, his masseur, and Hitler's valet, Lange; to music by Wagner, Beethoven, Mahler, and Lehar.

Demanding enormous concentration, the film presents us with numerous Hitlers. We see him as Caligari, Napoleon, Charlie Chaplin, Hamlet; as a house painter, a ghost, a dummy. We hear his voice, time and again, as his people heard it. This is not the caricature Hitler—petit bourgeois, carpet biter—who arrived on the scene almost accidentally, as some will now have us believe. This is the Hitler who was a continuation and part of a profoundly romantic German culture, and who, the only dictator in German history *voted* into office, used, not his qualities for evil, but his real love for Germany to achieve his ends.

We see all this with the blind, inward-looking child, who, an Alice in a Wonderland of horrors, accompanies us throughout the film, and provides the often unconnected, confused, even blurred child-frame.

"With a child," says Jürgen, "I could create a world into which I could inject love, and a different, realer reality than any we can gleam from archives or personal accounts."

Romanticism, states Syberberg in his film, produced Hitler. Imagination produced Hitler. Pride produced Hitler. Love produced Hitler. We, the film screams out at us without ever saying so, are responsible for him, are each individually responsible for every evil.

By rejecting their part, says Syberberg throughout his film, the Germans are rejecting their true romantic irrational selves—their real identity. Unless they take heed, they will rob their children of their true heritage and leave Germany a dead land. ◉

Gitta Sereny is a freelance journalist living in London.

Author's Note: Since this article was written, Syberberg has shown *Hitler* to immense critical acclaim in Europe and, in the past two months, here in America. This September, WNET will be airing *Winifred Wagner.*

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Broadway's Unruly Child

ANY NEW STEPHEN Sondheim musical is an event in the American theater. It is, in fact, more of an event in the American theater than it is in the Broadway theater, even though Sondheim would describe himself (accurately) as Broadway's child. But Broadway has not been appreciative of this one of its children, even though he is among its most gifted. It prefers moneymakers, and Sondheim's musicals just haven't been commercial.

A theater funded by private enterprise must, as a matter of reality, be paid for at the box office. This isn't necessarily terrible. Much trash has been embraced by the public throughout stage history, but on the other hand, no great artist has been unpopular forever. Sooner or later the public will be the final judge of a show's quality.

Sondheim's most important musicals—the ones created in collaboration with producer-director Harold Prince—have had only modest appeal for the public, and recently not even that. *Pacific Overtures*, of 1976, was the most artistically ambitious musical attempted on Broadway to date, yet it was a failure. *Company* and *Follies* were not prodigious successes. Only *A Little Night Music* made money—as, by Prince's own admission, it was calculated to do.

Prince has since moved away from producing, and made it clear he needn't work with Sondheim exclusively. Without compromising, he has directed a popular success, *On the Twentieth Century*. His *Evita* is a great hit in London and is coming to America this spring.

Can Sondheim reach the public, too? His latest, directed by Prince, is *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street*. It is based on the George Dibdin-Pitt melodrama of 1847, as adapted by Christopher Bond and now with a libretto by Hugh Wheeler. The original story is Grand Guignol, written for what was called at the time "bloodbath theater." The barber Sweeney Todd has escaped from a prison to which he was unjustly sent by a venal judge who desired the barber's wife. Now the wife is gone, probably dead, and Sweeney Todd's daughter is suffering the judge's lecherous guardianship. The barber is mad for revenge, and his landlady, the gaily demented Mrs. Lovett, sees in him an opportunity to upgrade the content of the meat pies she sells. Soon, Todd is slitting throats in his barber chair upstairs and sending

MARTHA SWOPE

Lansbury and Cariou in butcher-barber tale.

his victims down the hatch to the meat grinder in the basement, ultimately to be served up in Mrs. Lovett's pies. The theater of 1847 needed no more to justify an evening of horror.

An unlikely basis for a musical? And then some. Yet Sondheim worked wonders with it. He has made *Sweeney Todd*, with its almost-continuous music, into a near-opera. Yet this is music for the theater, not the opera house. It is melodic, even soaring. The harmonic language is French, the taste dry, but the style, and certainly the know-how, is unmistakably Sondheim's. What's more, his obsession with musical jokes and mimicry seems to have abated at last.

This huge score has a great deal of choral writing, but much of the singing involves only the characters of Todd and Mrs. Lovett. Len Cariou, the superlative actor who plays the barber, happens to have a legitimate baritone, but Mrs. Lovett is played by Angela Lansbury, whose vocal range is limited. So for this production Sondheim kept her music in singing distance, while giving her challenge enough within her limitations.

Sweeney Todd, then, is a musical accomplishment of the first order, and Sondheim has set lyrics to it faultlessly. It is also a technical accomplishment. In staging it, Prince created some stupendous effects. First, instead of having a set designed for the show, he had one bought intact—a complete iron foundry! This structure is some five or six stories high; it has two levels on the sides and all manner of whirring, churning machinery; it goes clear up to its own glass-paned roof. Prince's enormous set managed to tame the huge Uris Theater.

But it also dwarfs the company and, aside from looking vaguely Dickensian, has nothing to do with the story of Sweeney Todd, which doesn't take place in an iron foundry. Prince was trying to provide the show with a visual side, but the materials just weren't right. Besides, with people singing almost every minute, it's hard for a director to get movement or pictures in edgewise. Prince did manage to give Cariou's Sweeney a chalk-faced, ghostly look and the clunking movements of a monster; he kept the chorus in stylized groups, lending the production a Brechtian feel. Considering *Evita* and now this show, Prince is definitely in his days of Brecht.

But for all the prodigious achievement of Sondheim's music and the amazing effects Prince did manage, *Sweeney Todd* has no basic theatrical motivation, no reason for its existence. I cannot imagine why anyone would want to see it, and I mean that in the basic theatrical sense—why one goes to see a tragedy or a comedy, or any play. Stage works must give us something, entertain us in some way: frighten or enlighten or move or simply divert and amuse. They must control us, set our lives by the curtain's rise and fall. They must have something theatrical to accomplish. This musical, *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street*, seems in the end but a brilliant exercise.

Sweeney also seems to be the one show Sondheim could have chosen that could be even more foredoomed to commercial failure than *Pacific Overtures*, and that was merely a Kabuki musical.

Does he associate artistic ambition with commercial failure? One couldn't blame him, but in this show he seems to be courting popular rejection. What Sondheim needs most, not only psychologically but for his career, is a smash hit, but does he identify success with compromise? Is he able to conceive of a show that everyone, including him, would like? Stephen Sondheim is now, more than ever, our musical theater's most important composer. Even though his collaboration with Prince will surely continue, Prince's independent success as a director leaves Sondheim alone in some sense. He will not forever get producers to bankroll his successes of esteem. His next move is fateful, for his own career and for our musical theater.

—Martin Gottfried

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Raveling the Knot

WHEN I FIRST heard the story of Alexander decisively hacking through the tortuous puzzle of the Gordian knot, the message was clear, and certainly not to be contradicted by the experience of my (then) 12 years or so. Complexities were essentially spurious, perhaps even a bit effeminate; they could best be vanquished by direct action. The knot was the villain of the piece, a game set up by priests to keep self-doubt enthroned and thus break the steely spirits of young world-beaters.

Not until years later, sitting on a sere hillside in a bit of Alexander's vanquished empire, could I identify with the priests who presided over the famous knot, still muttering and shaking their heads in shock and dismay long after the young iconoclast had marched his army away. The point, after all, was not to unravel the knot, but to realize and accept that some puzzles were beyond logic. The tangle was not meant to challenge, but to chasten. To cut through it with a sword was mere hubris, a mistaken presumption that all questions have a direct answer.

In our technological age, Alexander's vulgar and importunate sword, that great banisher of mysteries, has seemed an appropriate symbol for all that was good—for all that made sense. But the reassurances of a smug technology are proving undependable, and the absolutes of scientific thought have begun to shimmer like oases in a mirage. Atomic physicists, once the most confident seekers after explanations, are stumbling upon such awesome imponderables as particles that seem to exist in two places at the same time. Quasars, black holes, and other things that go bump in the universe are demonstrating to astronomers that not all cosmic phenomena can be explained as a logical extension of our own experience. More and more, questions are being answered only by more questions, or by the silence of implausibility.

We may be entering the Age of the Knot, and the reverberations are showing up in what may seem an unlikely bellwether, photography, in the work of such innovative artists as Richard Margolis (whose work is currently on exhibition at the Foto Gallery in New York) and Richard Misrach.

Modern photography has often been viewed as the keen cutting-edge of reality, an Alexandrian sword that can slice through the imprecise shadows in life. This conceit, of the camera as flash freezer of final truths, has not always been popular in photography; in fact, the ability of film to register apparently exact evidence about the nature of things has alternately delighted and dismayed photographers. Mathew Brady and his group photographed the troops and battlefields of the Civil War with an attempt at reasonably pure factuality. But by late in the 19th century the literal capabilities of the camera were breeding a backlash, which took its most memorable form in the Photo-Secession, a group of Americans, united by Stieglitz, who was determined to move photography away from reality toward the "artistic" manipulations of painting and etching.

Stieglitz eventually lost interest in pictorialism's unreality, and the rise of magazines like *Life* and *Look*, with their

Richard Margolis, Untitled (Rochester, 1978)— "Both beautiful and nightmarish."

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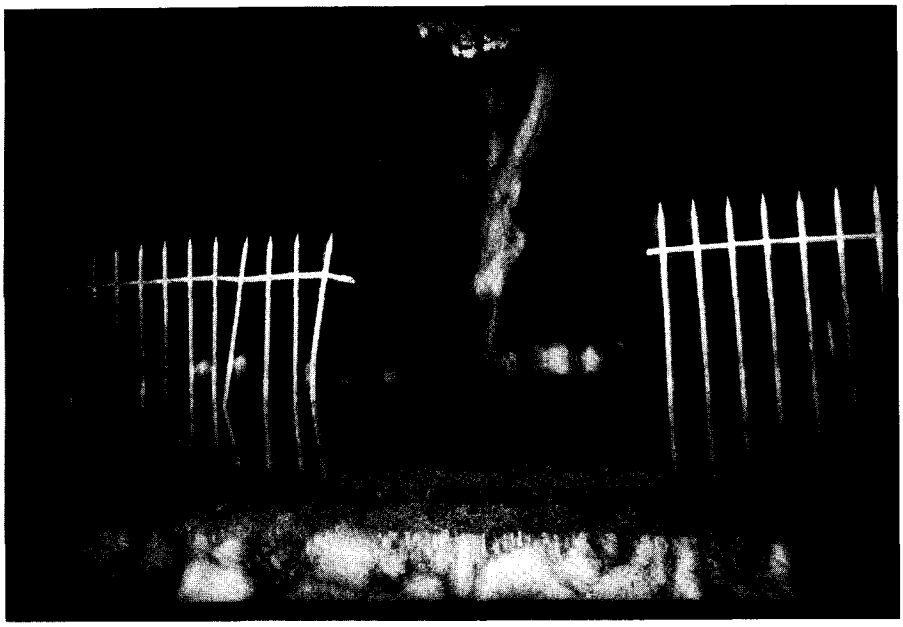
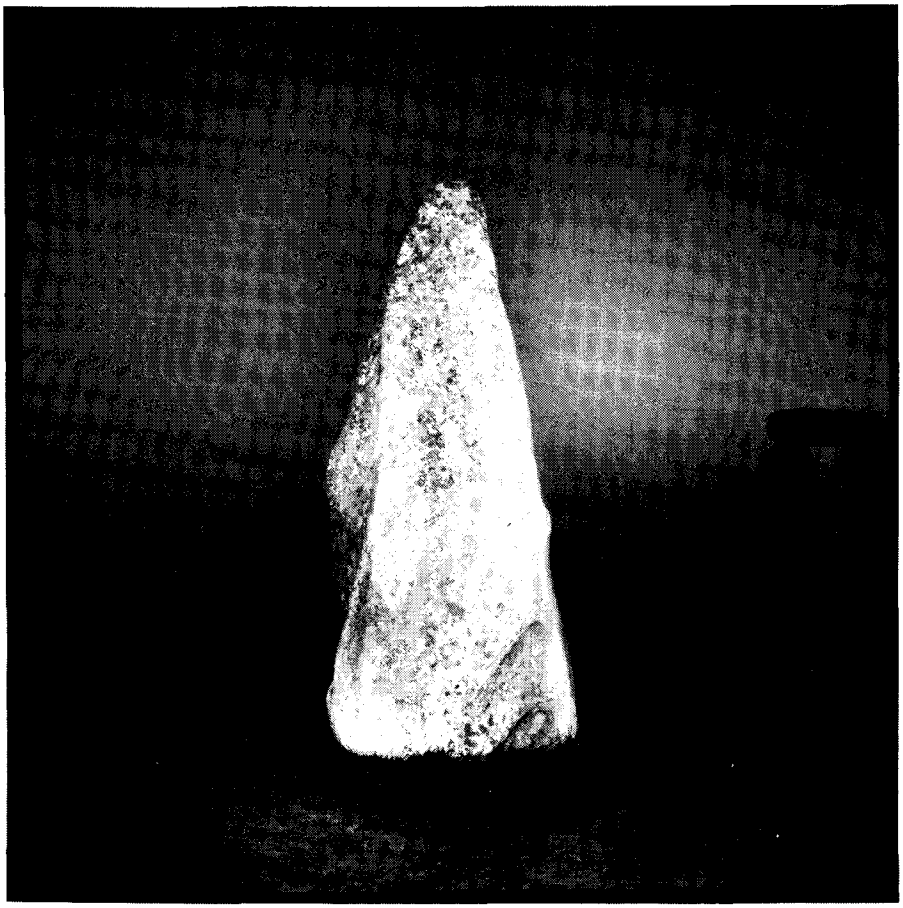


Margolis, Untitled (Rochester, 1974)—Objects seem creations of a fevered imagination.



Richard Misrach, Stonehenge #1 *(1976)— "Menhirs full of Druidic menace."*

"window on the world" hype, continued the trend of pictures that steadfastly denied all but the most journalistic motifs.

Mystics and magicians never vanished entirely, however. Among others, Minor White, Edward Weston, and Edward Steichen tended, as they grew older, to concentrate almost meditatively on natural forms, exquisitely composed and immaculately focused. Surrealists, like Man Ray and Brugiere, created photographs and collages that posed unanswerable riddles. But these aspects of photography were out of the mainstream; even taking into account Minor White's influence as a teacher, mystery has lain dormant in photography throughout most of our century.

Now there is a resurgence of interest in evoking the unknowable, with Margolis in the vanguard. In an alluring, imaginative mix, Margolis combines modern stroboscopic lighting techniques with such classical photographic settings as a grove of trees at dusk to create landscapes of the psyche that are both beautiful and nightmarish. Although Margolis has in the past gone night-stalking for everything from adobe gateways in New Mexico to dairy cows in upper New York State, turning such mundane subjects into scenes from the nether side of consciousness, his present pictures are solely of trees. The combination of long exposures needed to capture the fading light of early evening, or the faint illumination of starlit nights, and the instant, unnatural illumination of strobe lights causes matter to appear more imagined than actual. Tree trunks seem to shimmer with implausible movement or take on the contours of the landscapes behind them in a ghostly translucency. A wrought-iron fence and the granite headstones of a graveyard glow as if they are illusions created by shadows and fevered imagination and will be gone by morning. An ancient, gnarled willow radiates what might be patches of St. Elmo's fire. Branches and roots reach out, while their shadows hover in the phosphorescent air.

These are not complicated images, nor are they singular in terms of composition or technique; it is what they set out to do and how well they do it that makes them noteworthy. The pictures are literally fabulous, evocations of mysteries that reside in the primeval junctures of our minds, the ordinary scenery of our days. To walk in these looming, luminous woods is to revisit a state of being in which life and spirit are inseparable and we are simply one part of an intricate web of souls. It is a return that we desperately need. For a brief time, as children, we saw trees, and the night, as Margolis shows them to us. Perhaps this is the emotional key to the work of photographers who make pictures that ask questions but make no attempt to answer them. Richard Misrach, for instance, with his Stonehenge menhirs full of Druidic menace; Arthur Ollman, whose night exposures of dream-colored houses and empty streets intermingle sensuous delight and nameless dread; even French photographer Guy Bourdin, with his Pinteresque ads for Jourdan shoes. Surrealist painter Giorgio de Chirico, one of this century's great masters of mystery, contended that for any work of art to withstand time it had to "pass quite beyond the limits of the human world, without any sign of common sense or logic. In this way the work will draw nearer to dream and to the mind of a child." With their odd and beguiling pictures, Margolis and the other antirealist photographers are beginning to take us beyond the limits of what we see into the realm of what we suspect.

—Owen Edwards

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The Inner World of Anton von Webern

ANTON VON WEBERN has long had, for two reasons, a singular place among composers of the 20th century: the brevity of his works and the lack of information as to how they came about. Nothing can alter the first fact; but in *Anton von Webern, A Chronicle of His Life and Works* (Knopf), Hans and Rosaleen Moldenhauer have produced a one-volume portable library (803 pages) that goes a very long way toward resolving the second.

For the average concertgoer, this may be more about Webern than he wants to know. But when the writer of program notes finds that his symphony orchestra is to play a work by Webern, he will now have, thanks to the Moldenhauers, vastly more to tell than ever before.

My own long-standing question about the compactness of Webern's creative cosmos has been: Was it a reaction to the gigantism of such evening-long works as Mahler's Eighth Symphony or Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*? Now I know. Long before either was publicly performed, Webern was able to compress (in 1904) all he had to say about Nietzche's "Heiter" into 19 measures. Perhaps this was a "reaction" to the length of his own "Heimgang" of the previous year. At 66 measures, it remains the longest song he ever wrote.

Thus, even before he became a pupil of Schoenberg later in 1904 (by answering a newspaper advertisement), Webern was adjusted to the time frame in which he lived all his creative life.

The Moldenhauer text is rich in detail, endlessly illuminating (relating, for example, the aristocratic origins of the Weberns in the 16th century), written with a view more to factual clarity than to felicity of language. But when the language is Webern's own, with excerpts from a previously unpublished diary, the pages are alive with vivid images of a time long past.

When the 19-year-old Webern refers to the highly controversial Mahler (1902) as "a serious, deeply introspective composer, whom I regard with veneration," the nature of the man-to-be is more clearly revealed than in a page of prose by another.

The Moldenhauers' long search for the material contained in the book (see "In Quest of Webern," *SR*, August 27, 1966) also produced, from a voluminous correspondence, many letters not previously printed. They related not only to musical matters, but also to many family circumstances that may have shaped Webern's high hopes for a German victory in World War I and his satisfaction in the "immense accomplishments of our own forces" in 1942, when things were going well for the Nazis.

Webern idolized Schoenberg from his early days as a student in 1904, until 1933, when, under the anti-intellectualism as well as the racial barbarism of the Nazis, Schoenberg migrated to the United States.

At one point, in 1918, when Schoenberg settled into a house in the Vienna suburb of Modling, Webern did likewise.

The mountain-climbing Webern craved what lay beyond the timberline—silence.

By then it was a matter of shared intellectual interests: "After supper we are *always* together," Webern wrote to the presumably envious Alban Berg, third member of the illustrious trio. Earlier, when Schoenberg moved from Vienna to Berlin in 1912, Webern was drawn to him like the moth to the flame; yet their relationship was equally that of acolyte to master.

The visit to Berlin may have played a part in one incident in Webern's long effort to earn a living as a conductor. He chose an opportunity to work in Stettin, the port of Berlin (now in Poland), rather than in Prague, which had a higher musical rating. It also set in motion the train of circumstances that eventually brought him back to Vienna as a conductor of a chorus and orchestra on a working-class level. That much has been known. But the difficulties that beset the reticent, irascible, quixotic Webern in his efforts to evolve a way of collaborating with his fellow-musicians, the near physical breakdown that brought him to Alfred Adler for psychotherapy, have never before been documented as they are by the Moldenhauers.

For much of his life, Webern was clearly ill-adjusted to the outer world, at peace only with the world within him. Brevity, for such a composer, is not to be confused with swiftness of labor. Webern's search for the precise tone, the exact accent, the immutably logical extension of what had preceded, might hang in the air for months.

Unlike almost all the composers before him, Webern did not depend on the familiar musical grammar of the past, the structural skeleton of keys and cadences, chords and modulations. And, unlike such equally innovative colleagues as Schoenberg and Berg, he did not rely on the mystique of nontonality for audience attention. He developed, instead, a new "factor of attention," in which the clarifying component is not sound, but the absence of it—the "time frame" similar to a blank canvas on which spots and details, design and color are skillfully intermingled.

A mountain climber from early life, Webern confided in a letter to Berg (1925): "I have struggled all my life to reproduce in music what I perceive there." The Moldenhauer text sets forth, month by month, year by year, the days when Webern's urge for what I would call a "mountain break" became an overpowering necessity.

What he craved was more than fresh air and alpine sunshine, the flora and fauna which he adored, but what could best be found *above* the timberline—silence.

Among the many mysteries that the Moldenhauers have dispelled, including a restatement of what happened on a night in September, 1945, during a curfew in Mittersill, when Webern was killed by a shot from a soldier in the American occupying forces, is one they have created.

Did Webern really write as "short" as he is played? In a letter to Schoenberg, Webern states the length of his Symphony No. 21 as 21 minutes. The Universal Edition's timing is 10 minutes; and Robert Craft, in his invaluable recorded edition of the complete works of Webern, performs the entire piece in eight minutes and 50 seconds.

Edward Clark, the close friend of Webern who brought him repeatedly to the BBC to conduct, cites timings by Webern for works (opus 4 and opus 10) that are "usually played twice as fast."

Here is a challenge for an enterprising maestro: an all-Webern evening in which these and all the other representative works of Webern are played in exactly the time span the composer imagined. It would make a provocative addendum to all the other matter in this unique accomplishment.

—Irving Kolodin

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Lone Star *Papillon*

A CENTURY AND an ocean have separated triumph from the tragic death, by flames, of a dancing butterfly. Such is the true story behind the ballet *Papillon*, which had its world premiere in Paris in 1860 but, after 43 performances, disappeared for 119 years. This past February, the Houston Ballet Company, one of this nation's major professional ballet companies, recreated the ballet in Texas. (The Houston Ballet is the first to have presented the original; the dance department of Indiana University, however, mounted a *Papillon* with a scenario substantially different from the original in 1969.)

Papillon, a full-length romantic ballet in three acts, has both historical and contemporary significance. The ballet is the only choreographic creation of Marie Taglioni, whose dancing of the title role in *La Sylphide* (a ballet choreographed by her father, Filippo Taglioni) ushered in what is now classified as the romantic age of ballet and made dancing on *pointe* an art (not merely a trick). Marie Taglioni retired as a dancer in 1847 but returned to the theater because she saw in her pupil, Emma Livry, her only potential successor. She commissioned Jacques Offenbach to compose music for *Papillon*, which was to be his single ballet score, for her protégée.

In the ballet, a jealous witch transforms a maiden into a butterfly to keep her from distracting the witch's potential suitors. In the end both the maiden and her chosen swain perish in flames to which the girl/butterfly has been attracted. (All ends happily, however; the witch wins a mate and the lovers are united in eternal bliss.) Livry's interpretation of *Papillon* was tremendously successful. It seemed to critics and the public that Livry would give new life to ballet, which had been plummeting in popularity. This rebirth, however, was not to be. Two years after the premiere of *Papillon*, Emma Livry—who had excelled in her mistress's own *La Sylphide* and had stayed the decline of ballet with *Papillon*—actually perished in a blaze. While rehearsing *La Muette de Portici*, she came too close to the stage's lamps, and her filmy skirts caught fire. Eight months later she died. No other dancer could succeed Taglioni, and ballet's popularity crumbled, only reviving after several decades.

The Houston Ballet's lavish production of *Papillon* is a triumphant reminder that we are now enjoying a new golden age of dance, one that embraces choreographic adventure with nostalgia. The new *Papillon* was conceived and choreographed by England's Ronald Hynd, who simplified an overly involved plot. Striking scenery and costumes were provided by Peter Docherty; imaginative lighting by John B. Read; and delightful aerial effects on wires executed by Flying by Foy. *Papillon* is a signal success for the Houston Ballet (founded as a professional company 11 years ago). It makes no pretense of being a profound, innovative, challenging work of art. It is ballet as spectacle, as entertainment, as artless (though it is rich in artifice) diversion.

The dancers of the Houston Ballet were technically skillful, romantically believable, and ebullient of spirit. At the performance I attended Suzanne Longley was an exquisite Papillon, a blend of lusty maiden and tremulous butterfly; Dorio Pérez, an ardent, suitably athletic lover; Kenneth McCombie a semi-villainous, semi-comic Shah. Ben Stevenson, the Houston Ballet's artistic director, played the role of Hamza, the witch, in hilarious *en travesti* style. Call it broad camp, Stevenson's caricature is in the best tradition of ballet buffoonery.

The joyful Offenbach score, as arranged by John Lanchbery (a Britisher along with Hynd, Stevenson, Docherty, Reed, and James Slater, the conductor), is one that balletomanes have enjoyed on recordings in recent years. The contemporary collaborators may be British, the origins of the ballet French, the period style continental-European, the theme pseudo-Oriental, but *Papillon* 1979 is danced by an American company that has given a lovely and poignant work new life deep in the heart of Texas.

—Walter Terry

GEOFF WINNINGHAM

Longley as the maiden-turned-butterfly who gets her man in spite of the witch.

Emma Livry, the original Papillon.

Taglioni ushered in ballet's Romantic Age.

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Beastly Behavior

by Donald Hall

Blood and Guts
by Don Atyeo
Paddington Press
384 pp., $12.95

CARLOS LLERENA-AGUIRRE

THIS BOOK MIGHT have been printed on three-by-five-inch cards. It would have been hard to hold, but form and content would have matched impeccably, for Atyeo's history of sporting violence is a relentless and unassimilated collection of facts. Ruptured spleens, slaughtered antelopes, wrecked stadiums, butchered gladiators, and paralyzed footballers dwindle from outrage to numbers, pain metamorphosed into information. At rare moments the author departs from statistics to entertain ideas, mostly other writers' suggestions about causes of violence—ideas Xeroxed and clipped, quoted and then forgotten.

Blood and Guts is sorted into shoe boxes by sport and era. First there is the participatory sport of hunting: We hear of "Ashurbanipal, ruler of Assyria, who bagged 450 lions, 390 wild bulls, 200 ostriches, and 30 elephants during the course of a single hunt in 850 B.C...." And we travel over world enough, and time, to arrive at the private game preserves of the American present, where tame animals approach the trucks that usually feed them only to be shot by trophy-hunters sitting in place of horsemeat. A late list of the total American kill in one hunting season records "2,600,000 deer, 21,000,000 water fowl ...67,669 moose...." By this time, we are numb to the difference between Ashurbanipal's "450 lions" and a contemporary "27,000,000 rabbits...."

The author's research next allows us "Death as a Spectator Sport," which harvests cockfighting, dogfighting, bullfights, and rodeos. Boxing is a category away, joined with gladiators, wrestling, jousting, dueling, and the martial arts. A fourth section begins rugby, soccer, American football, and ice hockey, and another emphasizes recent professional ideologies of victory-at-all-costs and the name of Vince Lombardi is loud in the

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land. There is a chapter on the hooliganism of spectators. It is inevitable that Atyeo should cover trash sports, featuring Evel Knievel and the roller derby in a grab bag of show business violence. A final section raises the notion of sports as catharsis for inherent aggression. By quotation the author establishes the claim, and by further quotation he dismisses it.

Violence's major unintended victims in *Blood and Guts* are diction and grammar. Atyeo does not know one word from another: He says "literally" when he means "figuratively," "enormity" when he means "enormousness," "less" when he means "fewer," and "disinterest" when he means "lack of interest." He is master of the dangling participle and lord of total confusion:

> Although in comparison with football's mass combat the opportunities for physical contact in baseball are far more limited, the game is certainly no wide-eyed innocent where violence is concerned, and has not been for generations.

Maybe the facts are here, for those who want them; but I am not certain. When I read of Ashurbanipal, I can hope that Atyeo has transcribed a heroic boast without taking his eyes from the book he copies. But when he describes Alex Karras as a former star with the Miami Dolphins, I wonder if he has counted elephants correctly; when he turns Bobby Thomson— the "hero of the 1951 'Coogan's Bluff' pennant"—into a pitcher, I doubt his direct quotations. Karras played for the Detroit Lions; Bobby Thomson was an outfielder who played third base on occasion, and Atyeo misquotes him as saying: "I was once fined $250 for not throwing at a batter." When Atyeo describes Darryl Stingley's paralyzing injury of last summer as a result of "a helmet-to-helmet confrontation," he raises another sort of doubt. In an exhibition game last summer, an Oakland Raider safety man slammed his helmeted head into Darryl Stingley's back when the wide-receiver was airborne after failing to catch a pass. Stingley's paralysis is a suitable addition to this banquet of horrors because the hit was gratuitous, but Atyeo's language makes a violent act sound more violent than it was. *Blood and Guts* is a book that glories in the violence it condemns.

Atyeo's is a depressing book, partly for reasons that the author intended, and largely for reasons that he did not intend. Although his sources dismiss inherent violence in a final chapter, man as Atyeo describes him is unredeemably violent. (This generic "man" is not sexist; it is man, not woman, who is violent here, with a handful of exceptions like the "grannies" who yowl at wrestling matches.) And in an early chapter on hunting, Atyeo notices:

> Ten thousand years ago the world held ten million hunters—one hundred percent of mankind. By Christ's time, that percentage had dropped by half, and by the discovery of the New World, it had dropped again by another quarter....After three million years of [hunting as] the focal point of his existence, man was not about to forsake the pleasures of the hunt in a mere thousand years or two.

Perhaps after all, inherited characteristics—DNA selecting itself by survival in the long grass of the savannah for hundreds of thousands of years—speared Darryl Stingley in the back.

Or if violence and aggression are acquired characteristics, they seem to be acquired by every generation, and no social or economic change seems likely to modify this probability. We find evidence not only in sports but in vandalism, murder, rape, beating, sadomasochism; in government torture and in private terrorism; among criminals and police, in peace and in war. We also find it in the habits of gentle people who read themselves to sleep with violent books: How many graduate students of English, kind to their spouses, admire Charles Bukowski's hateful accounts of women? It seems that men (and women, if not so regularly) require periodic regression to let the beast inside them loose, and that violence or the contemplation or imagination of violence provides a way. Both T. S. Eliot and William Butler Yeats, after a long day of seeking the spirit, relaxed at night by reading, not St. John of the Cross nor Plotinus, but murder mysteries.

Civilization and its discontents. Drunkenness is a major civilized sport: violent, destructive, criminal, murderous, suicidal. The automobile allows us armor for behavior aggressive, maniacal, dangerous, and lethal. Even adultery is dangerous and therefore sporting, with secrets and assignations; and it destroys. A friend of mine who spends much time in Eastern Europe tells me that his male friends there are uncommonly faithful to their wives. On the other hand, they keep dangerous secrets and make assignations, as they conspire against the regimes that govern them. Repressive regimes appear less troubled with sporting violence or street crime than we are; the beast rules the prisons, concentration camps—and probably the conspiracies against them.

Part of the problem is that we have nothing to do. The 40-hour work week leaves people with another 80 hours of waking time. Most of our ancestors, if they did not live at the frontier among real dangers, or if they were not themselves food-hunters, worked so many hours a week, at such exhausting tasks, that they had no energy left for letting the beast out; the beast chopped wood instead of other people. Instead of getting drunk, or bashing each other with a

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hockey stick or a Buick, they chewed on bread and fell asleep. In the simplistic morality of villages—in Poland, Norway, or Sicily—there were good people and bad people; the bad people were poor, lacked work, and had time to be bad. The Devil made work for idle hands; now all our hands are idle, and we keep the Devil busy.

One looks for a way out. For individuals, there is the possibility of devotion to something outside the self, for instance, to a task so overwhelming as to be wholly absorbing; but there is no reason to believe that such luck will come to many. If peace and self-acceptance have come to many, they have come with the spiritual energy of religious devotion. But there is no religion that has not degenerated, periodically and for the *plupart* of its believers, into more destructiveness, from the Sermon on the Mount to the Inquisition. One waits, I suppose, for the violence to enact itself on a scale great enough to destroy the civilization that it expresses; or alternatively for general spiritual change, when the Holy Spirit will enter evolution to alter the double helix. ◉

Donald Hall is a poet who lives in New Hampshire. His most recent book of poems is Kicking the Leaves *(Harper & Row).*

Wild Man
by Tobias Schneebaum
A Seaver Book/Viking, 243 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Edward Hoagland

THERE IS OFTEN more impetus to traveling than simply joy—the world one round oyster—as is indicated, for example, by our equivocal term "itchy feet." "It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation," said Melville's Ishmael, of travel. "This is my substitute for pistol and ball." One remembers the acrid, odd, lumpy interludes in the lives of several great English explorers of Africa when they were at home in England, not in Africa. A friend of mine lost his young son in a tragic, small accident, and within a period of months managed to blunder his way into a dungeon of Field Marshal, Life President, Emperor Jean-Bedel Bokassa of the Central African Empire, which did not seem to me, anyway, a coincidence.

Jack London, probably the most adventurous of American writers at traveling, put the point of the feat this way: "When a man journeys into a far country, he must be prepared to forget many of the things he has learned, and to acquire such customs as are inherent with existence in the new land; he must abandon the old ideals and the old gods, and oftentimes he must reverse the very codes by which his conduct has hitherto been shaped." London meant, of course, not just such matters as lynch laws, but that if a dog is man's best friend in California, in Alaska the man may be compelled to eat him.

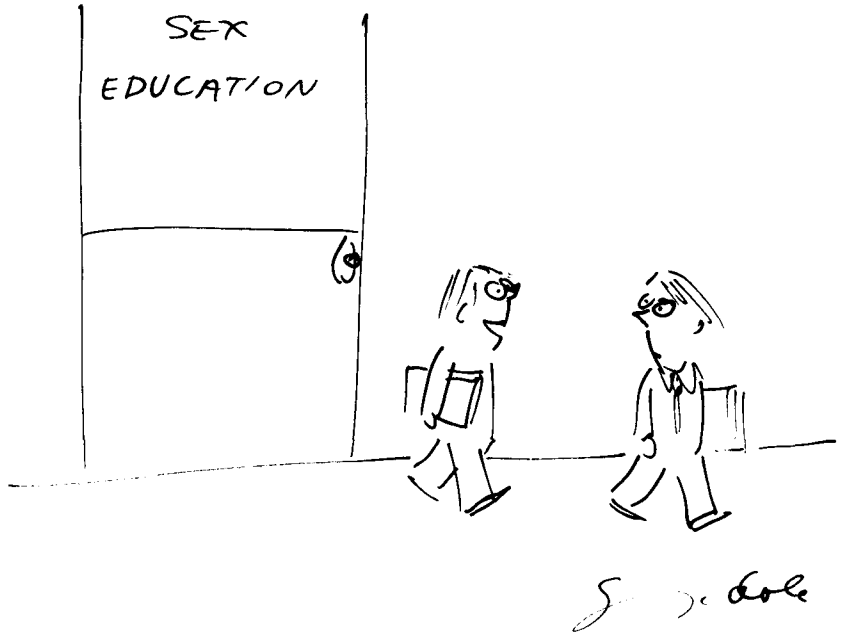
What London called the "protean faculty of adaptability" signaled in his case, however, a need as well as a taste for constantly shifting scenes. When he did settle down in Glen Ellen, California, to build his Wolf House, he turned frankly alcoholic, began to betray (in the view of many friends) the socialist principles he had held true to through most of his travels, and, at the age of 40, killed himself.

Another great traveler, Mike Fink—best raftsman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, best raftsman in world literature—led a lively life in his heyday around 1800. Not only did he shoot the heel off a Negro sitting on a levee in St. Louis, from a great distance, and the scalp lock off an uppity Indian in Louisville, not only did he dress up on occasion (it was said) in an alligator skin to scare the "shemales," but he was also a regular ladies' man. Famously, they loved him. With his trusty "Betsy" he could sharpshoot the comb out of his wife Peg's hair as she was going to the spring for a gourdful of water, and, although startled, "the angeliferous critter stood still as a scarecrow in a cornfield, for she'd got used to Mike's tricks by long practiss."

Butting contests with Jack Pierce of St. Louis and Negro Jim of New Orleans—it was a life of float trips and comfortable violence on his chain of home rivers. With a red feather in his hat to mark him as overall champion, Mike could spit tobacco juice in a bear's eye, and that bear would "walk off as quietly as a Quaker." If there were any scurrilous stories told about him, they only concerned his pastime of shooting a hole in a tin cup of whiskey that one of his girlfriends held between her knees—or was it her thighs?

But steamboating eclipsed the keelboats, and Mike Fink "could not bear the hissing of the steam and wanted room to throw his pole." At the age of 50 or so, he undertook some further travel on a trapping expedition up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone. Here in unfamiliar circumstances in the Rockies, in a haze of alcoholism, he deteriorated swiftly. He is reported to have moved from the makeshift fort to a cave on the riverbank for the winter with a young friend named Carpenter. "Foul insinuations were made as to the nature of their connection," a biographer was to claim 20 years later, "insinuations of vice, nameless in character." Carpenter moved out, in again, and out, and, by spring, Fink (or the folk figure we made of him) had shot Carpenter, under the guise of a William Tell contest, and was then himself shot by a gunsmith friend of Carpenter, while trying to explain and apologize for the deed. A lifelong raftsman, he had traveled too far.

It's a risky business. In his new book, *Wild Man*, Tobias Schneebaum—who is a peerless contemporary traveler, a



"I'm beginning to get the hang of it."

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painter, the author of one previous volume—wrestles fitfully with the question of how much the passion for travel is desperation, and how much only a vaulting of transitions (for him, both literary and spiritual) "toward the end of my journey where my goal would be the golden love of all the world." This is his autobiography, and a profusion of exotic destinations is piled together in youthful disarray.

Schneebaum, in fact, is in his late 50s, though one would never know it, but no intellectual. He leaves unanswered all of the questions he raises, such as why he is different, why he's so driven. An extraordinarily conscientious reviewer might even wish to explain Schneebaum to himself, which would be presumptuous, except that, though one believes most of the details of his expeditions, one rarely believes what he says about his motives. As an artistic condition, this is not fatal; neither do we believe London, H. M. Stanley, T. E. Lawrence. The faults of the book lie more in its scrambled, ingenuous, breathless disorganization. Yet so urgent is Mr. Schneebaum to be truthful and tell his story—and so eagerly has he traveled throughout his life in search (he claims) of a Wild Man of Borneo, who, caged in a Coney Island freak show half a century ago, caught the imagination of the miserable son of a terrifying Brooklyn grocer—that his fits and starts, the smoke pouring out his exhaust pipe, are not fatal either, as he goes.

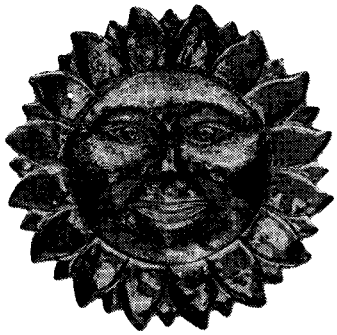
His first book, *Keep the River on Your Right* (1969), had an appealing simplicity, an iridescence. A somewhat fragile but daring young man strikes off into the Peruvian jungle, stumbling upon the head-hunting Akaramas, a tribe he has heard of from a survivor of one of the villages they have massacred. He enjoys being examined like a naked child by them, and for eight months sleeps in a puppy-pile with five other young men in the men's section of a hundred-foot hut, reveling in their vivid activities. Eventually, to his astonishment—though he had sought the experience—he accompanies his friends on a very successful head-hunt, and laughs, and eats human hearts. Then, perhaps alarmed by his "protean adaptability," perhaps emotionally fatigued by the death in his arms from dysentery of the Akarama dearest to him, he heads back to Lima.

The actual Wild Man whose image he carries with him is preponderantly, roaringly "masculine." But Schneebaum himself, during what in this new book has become a world-wide quest, is not even bisexual, feels as queasy as Gulliver straddling the nipple of the Brobdingnagian maiden whenever a lady approaches him with amorous intent. His confessional method in *Keep the River on Your Right* worked nicely, pioneering for other confessional celebrations of homosexuality that have appeared in the decade since. But because no assured tradition of dealing with such experiences has really yet been established, the extra sense of freedom here—now that he's no longer pioneering—instead of being less vertiginous, is more so. The writing treads into hysteria at times.

Remembering his father, for hatred of whom he had slept with a kitchen knife under his pillow, and his mother's death (his father—as in a dream—pressing down on her cancerous stomach to increase her suffering), remembering anti-Semitic incidents, too, he seeks out the Dalai Lama in India and Albert Schweitzer in Gabon. He yearns to be emaciated and dark-skinned like Gandhi, paints in Mexico, Burma, Bali, "and the black [Ethiopian] desert of the penis-hunting Danakil." He paddles up the Sibangali River to drink mash liquor with the Muruts of Borneo; crosses the Sahara through Libya and Chad; sails up the Congo to Brazzaville; wanders along Peru's Lake Titicaca "with a fakir who put long nails through his flesh and lay with his back on broken glass while I split boulders on his chest with a sledgehammer." In the Bay of Bengal, the Andaman Islands attract him because he has read that the Jarawas who dwell there will kill on sight. "Those last words were the ones that interested me, for I instantly saw myself on their beach rushing toward their speeding arrows, rushing toward their arms, extended as they pulled their bowstrings back. I was invulnerable ... no arrow, no spear, no bullet, no love could enter me and do me harm."

Invulnerable, yet pushing recklessly across Ethiopia into hostile Somalia, he wonders whether he doesn't have in mind disappearing, "hoping thereby to become a legend." Sleeping with 30 or 40 people in the courtyard of the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, he writes, "That first night was so complete a fulfillment of my dreams of India that a sensuality seeped along the surface of my skin," and the next day he was "unable to draw anything for the exhilaration that made my hands shake." Never quite complete as a painter, and more of a traveler than a writer, at a funeral in Bali he is "absorbed into the energy of the crowd, feeling the thrill of their attack on the demons, devils and witches ... led on by their excitability."

Bathing communally in 20 rivers, embracing and dancing with his comrades in a dozen men's huts around the world, he is continually entering into societies more and more remote. And we are not always sure who is inducting whom. In Borneo, he abruptly takes hold of a young man named Anginsu's penis; in the Baliem Valley of New Guinea, of



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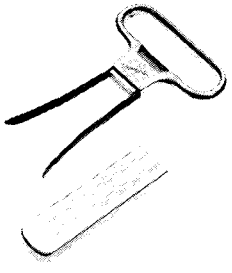

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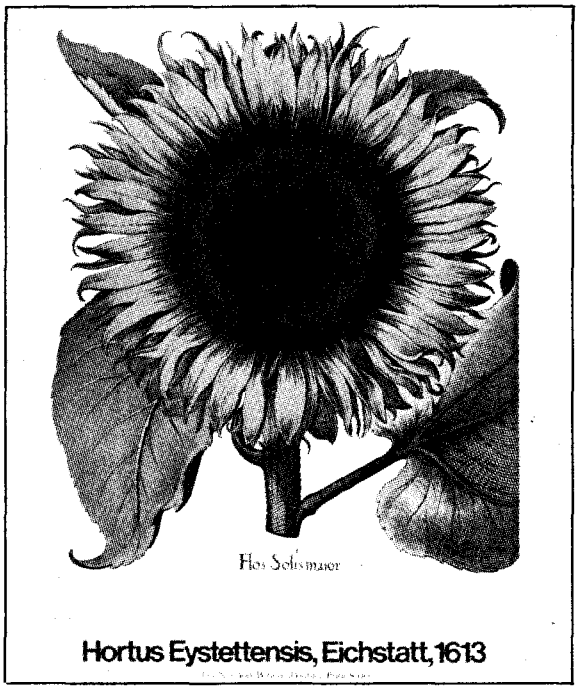


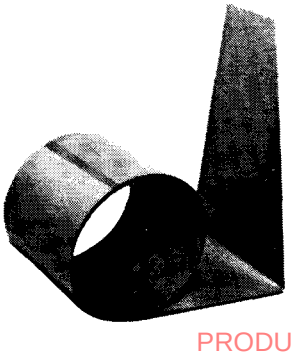
Hortus Eystettensis, Eichstatt, 1613

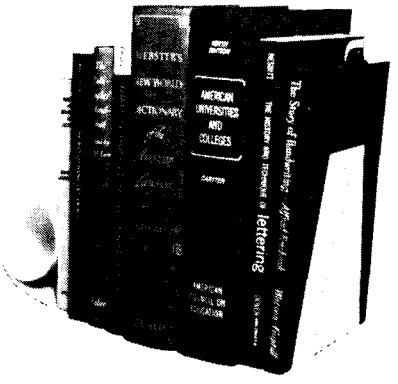
POSTER GARDEN

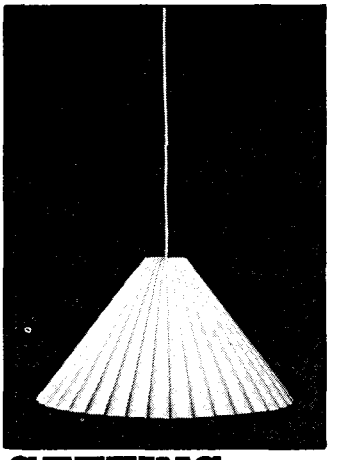
The New York Botanical Garden faithfully reproduced the giant sunflower from an illustration found in their rare book collection. You will see this 24" by 36" color poster at prices anywhere up to $50 at art shops and frame shops, depending on how expensively it has been framed. We can have the New York Botanical Garden people send you the very same poster for $7.00 postpaid, and you can have it mounted or framed as you see fit. (A-25)

PHYSICS FOR THE BOOKISH

Have you ever wondered why bookends never work? There's a hint in the fact they are called bookends rather than bookholders. Even if you find a pair heavy enough to resist the weight of a number of books, what happens when you remove a couple from the center? Right. The domino theory in action. Well, we've come across a solution that's based more on the enclave theory—and it works. It's called Bookworm from the Pentalic Corp. A spring steel coil on one end pulls the books firmly against the flat endpiece. Take out a book or two and the coil rolls up smoothly, keeping the others in place just as securely as before. Simple. Bookworm costs $9.50 postpaid. Specify white, black, red, or blue. (A-6)







GETTING A LOT FROM A LITTLE

When you open the Pleat Lamp box, you immediately wonder what's missing: there don't seem to be enough pieces there to make an eyeshade much less a lamp. But that's part of the beauty—it's just about impossible to make a mistake putting it together. A mere 3 minutes of assembling will give you one of the most dramatic and graceful hanging lights we've seen. The lamp is styled in a way that makes it equally at home surrounded by heavy wooden furniture or chrome and glass. This is a design that is neither fancy nor plain, just *right*. The 22" heavy pleated paper shade has the look and feel of linen. It is durable enough to wear well and survive cleaning. We can send the Pleat Lamp with a 15' cord for $30. The light bulb is up to you. A-20

Vagaries of Weather. The following item is from *Scientific American*, 2/21/1891: "A puzzling phenomenon has been noted frequently in some parts of Valley Bend district, Randolph County, Va., this winter. The crust of the snow has been covered two or three times with worms, resembling ordinary cutworms. Where they come from, unless they fall with the snow, is inexplicable. The snow is two feet deep, and the crust is too strong for them to have come up out of the ground. A square foot of snow can scarcely be found without a dozen of these worms on it."

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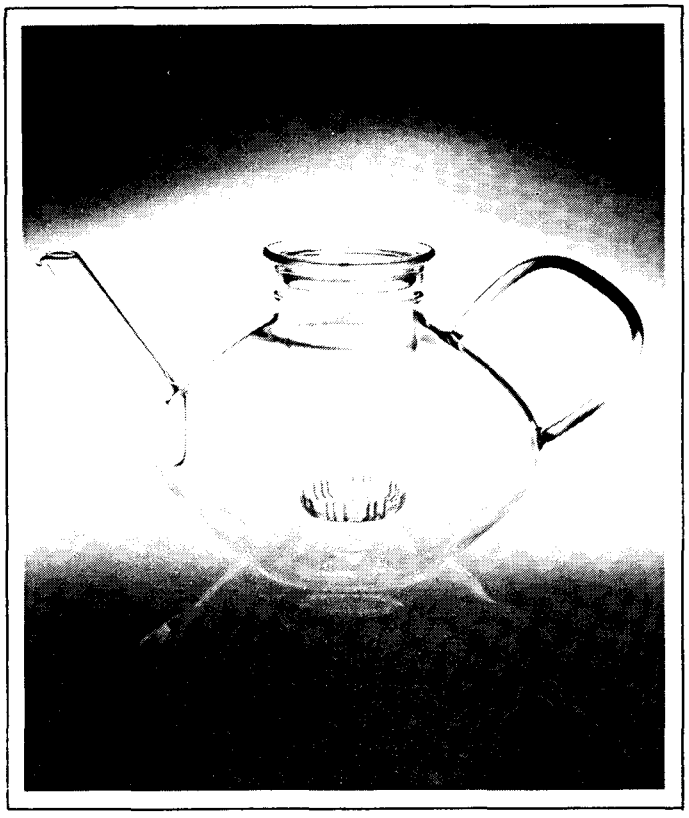
A FLOCK OF NESTING BOWLS

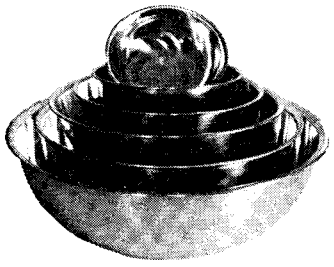


As any cook knows, it's impossible to have too many bowls. This set of six heavy-gauge polished stainless steel bowls is the neatest, most useful we've seen in some time. The sizes are nicely graduated: ¾ qt., 1½ qt., 3 qt., 5 qt., 8 qt., and a 13 qt. giant that is big enough to bathe the baby in. The sizes work so well together we're always finding uses for two at once, like putting a smaller one with vichysoisse in a larger one with ice. Six is itself a luxury—most sets stop at four or five. The bowls have nice heft and won't dent easily. They give a good lip or rim to grip with your fingers, a feature missing from surprising numbers of so-called mixing bowls. These are certainly handsome enough to use for serving. Together they will do you from soup to salad and beyond. We can send the set for $28. (A-23)

WHISTLE BLOWING

The human whistle no longer suffices to penetrate the din of modern existence. For help in this limiting circumstance, you can turn to the Thunderer whistle, a polished brass beauty made in England. Its shrill call restores your ability to reach the kids down the block or to hail cabbies. Not to mention that whistle blowing is satisfying activity. If you don't believe it, go someplace where you are alone and blow as hard as you can until you're out of breath. It's cheap therapy. The Thunderer comes on a matching brass keyring for $3.50 postpaid. (A-22)

Sinking Presidential Prestige. The White House, built on what was once a swamp, has sunk a quarter of an inch in the last 30 years. The Washington Monument is going down just as fast. At this rate it will disappear from sight in the year 113,053.



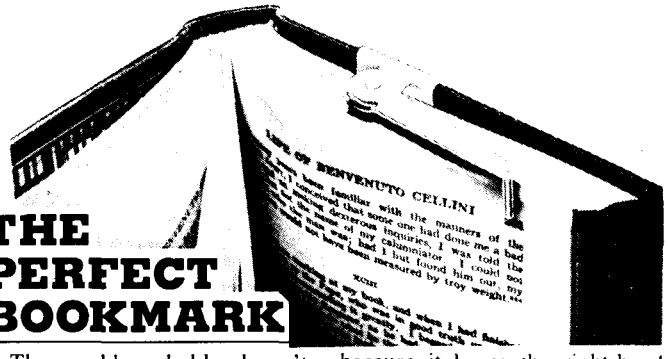
Chinese Fast Food. According to the Chinese News Agency, at a recent tradesmen's tournament, it took master chefs exactly 2 minutes, 4 seconds to transform live squawking chickens into a finished Szechuan dish called Cubed Palace Jewels.

SEEING THROUGH TO THE TEA

Tea can soothe the nerves, quiet an upset stomach, cleanse your skin, even dye your ribbons. Its aroma is very subtle; not until you take your first sip can you appreciate the special fragrance of the Darjeeling, China Black, oo-long, or tisane. And the full flavor of the tea can't be brought out unless the water is boiling furiously and the tea is steeped properly.

The Museum of Modern Art liked this teapot's appearance so much that it's been placed in their Permanent Design Collection. The Teapot, made out of strong, thin glass, is pure joy in its shape and simplicity. Tea leaves go into a glass cylinder with slits in the bottom. When the hot water is poured through the leaves and into the pot, an amber cloud spreads slowly through the water until it reaches a consistent color and you know the tea is ready to drink. The problem with most teapots is that the leaves stay in, making the second cup too strong. With this pot, you stop the brewing instantly by simply removing the cylinder. The Jena teapot is $32.50 postpaid. (A-4)

THE PERFECT BOOKMARK



The world probably doesn't need a perfect bookmark; but we thought you'd enjoy learning about some ingenious soul's efforts to improve on the dog-eared page or piece of paper inserted between pages. Actually, the bookmark is very helpful because it keeps the right-hand pages of the book in place as you read. A hidden spring mechanism slips over the cover of a book and its lever arm presses against each page as you read it. All this technology will only cost you $4.00 postpaid. (A-5)

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that of a surprised young man named Wasilani. On the Jiwe River in another part of New Guinea, he suckles at old Yavu's and Ushira's dry breasts, to enter the fellowship of the Asmats, and crawls between both women's legs like a baby being born. He ends his story here on the Jiwe and Asewetsj rivers with the tale of the founding of the tribe. It seems that a generous ancestor, Desoipitsj, offered his own head for the first cannibal ceremony, continuing even when beheaded to instruct how his own body should be dismembered and broiled.

Mr. Schneebaum's early wish had been that, just as the Wild Man in that Coney Island cage had once entered and possessed him, he might reverse the spell. "I wanted the wild man inside me, masticated, swallowed, absorbed." So, he posits the claim that his dream has been fulfilled. Nevertheless, as this review is being written, he is back in New Guinea undergoing new initiations, heightened adventures, and (I know him slightly) his book does not even contain what may be his most memorable daredevil feat—dropping naked from the strut of a geologist's helicopter into a settlement of primitives who had never encountered a white man or been contacted by the Indonesian authorities before. Then, as they began to drum, howl, and brandish their spears, he waved the helicopter off. Is it the Wild Man, or Mr. Schneebaum, who has been swallowed and absorbed? ◉

Edward Hoagland has written eight books, including Notes From the Century Before: A Journal From British Columbia, *and* African Calliope: A Journey to the Sudan, *which will be published next fall.*

Of Genes and Men

The Eighth Day of Creation
by Horace Freeland Judson
Simon & Schuster, 462 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by Joyce Milton

ONE OF THE CRITICISMS leveled against James D. Watson's best-seller *The Double Helix* was that it misrepresented the nature of scientific work, giving the impression that the secret of the gene had been unlocked in the course of afternoon tennis games and leisurely pub lunches. Francis Crick, who was urged by his friend Sydney Brenner to write a rebuttal entitled *Brighter Than a Thousand Jims*, put the case most succinctly, remonstrating with his former collaborator, "Your view of history is that found in the lower class of women's magazines." "Science," Crick added, "is not done merely by gossiping with other scientists, let alone by quarreling with them." But for Watson, it *was* done that way: Driven by a competitive spirit of almost Oedipal intensity, he regarded creative theorizing as a necessarily intense drama best played out by young men who were otherwise, as he reiterates here, "underemployed." Intentionally or not, Watson's description of a headlong race for the Nobel Prize was glamorized just enough to convince his popular readership that other tempera-

CHERYL BAER

ments were journeyman by comparison and that other problems—the genetic code, the structure of RNA, the nature and function of proteins—would be little more than footnotes to his story.

Interestingly enough, the task of redressing the balance and of presenting the discovery of the structure of DNA as an epic of intellect rather than of ambition has been taken up by Horace Freeland Judson, a journalist who began his career as a theater critic and book reviewer. Judson has spent the last decade talking to the scientists involved and following their work in the journals, and if his saga has a moral it is that there is no one model for significant discoveries. James Watson, who gave up active research soon after his youthful triumph for a career as a writer and teacher, seems to prove the adage that scientists are most creative when young.

Max Perutz, on the other hand, began working on the problem of hemoglobin in 1937. With the exception of a brief stint during World War II when he was assigned by the US Navy to figure out a way to build an aircraft carrier of ice (!), Perutz pursued hemoglobin for four decades, his investigation animated all the while by "wild expectations."

Of course, during the last 20 years, molecular biology has grown from a pioneering enterprise into a well-organized discipline. Crick, despite his notorious ineptitude in the lab, has continued to excel as a theoretician as well as to serve as a "missionary," drumming up interest in problems he found interesting. He and a group of elite colleagues were members of an informal "RNA Tie Club" dedicated to cracking the genetic code, but much to their surprise, the crucial confirmation of the role of messenger RNA did not come from their inner circle at all. It came from National Institutes of Health scientist Marshall Nirenberg, who was not "on the grapevines" and who could not even attract an audience when he initially presented his results at an international conference.

One is tempted to review *The Eighth Day of Creation* simply by culling its most revealing anecdotes. Francis Crick, for example, explains that he invented the phrase "central dogma," which some of his colleagues considered to be an arrogant way of describing what was then only his pet hypothesis, because as a nonbeliever he thought of dogma as a statement unsupported by evidence. But readers who expect Judson to question the mystique of creative discovery will be disappointed.

While Judson convinces us that the pursuit of ideas for ideas' sake is an individually satisfying enterprise, one might also wish to know more about where, according to the scientists involved, these new ideas may be leading us—and whether they are convinced that what Jacques Monod called the "ethic of knowledge" is a sufficient goal for the future. Only Erwin Chargaff and, more surprisingly, Maurice Wilkins address themselves to this question, the latter wondering whether "our curiosity is out of control." Most of the principals here, one suspects, would regard Wilkins's talk about relevance as a heresy, not all that surprising in a generation that watched Soviet science crippled by ideology—and that was asked, in the name of practicality, to build bombing platforms out of ice.

In any case, Judson did not set out to write a social critique of molecular biology, or even simply to set the record straight on the feuds and foibles of which this field has its share. His narrative is meant only to follow the emerging content of new ideas, pulling together contributions from various sources, playing out dead ends, and celebrating landmark experiments. Even those who read with pleasure the *New Yorker* excerpts late last year of Judson's earlier chapters may find some of this material hard going. The effort is well worthwhile, however, for Judson invites us to experience the spirit of disciplined curiosity that transcends personalities and gives a context to such headline-making phrases as "the secret of life."

Joyce Milton, a freelance reviewer living in New York City, frequently writes about environmental issues.

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Books in Brief

A Heavy Feather
by A.L. Barker
George Braziller, 234 pp., $8.95

A *HEAVY FEATHER* IS a gloombug's delight. It takes place over the last 40 years or so in a number of dreary settings in and around London: clammy cellars filled with "mountains of coal and coke, and shapeless things shrouded in cobwebs," decrepit boarding-houses, a housing development so new "the workmen's cigarette ends peeped up between the floorboards," a modern secondary school where "everything is chipped, cracked, fingered, kicked, and scrawled over."

At the center of each of these melancholy scenes is Almayer Jenkin, the daughter of a remarkably unhandy handyman who dies of pneumonia after being marooned on a rooftop when his ladder is blown down in a rainstorm. Throughout the next 200 pages, as Almayer progresses from childhood to middle age, people who are associated with death's more absurd aspects constantly impinge on her: her lover, an aging newspaper reporter whose wife murdered her son and died in a hospital for the criminally insane; her husband, who drinks himself to death; her brain-damaged daughter, who gets pregnant and then dies of an epileptic seizure; her great-uncle-in-law, who in his youth was accused of drowning a young boy and chopping the boy's mother and sister into little pieces; her seat-mate on a train, who is killed when Almayer's suitcase falls on her head. These people, along with a few more cheerful types, drift in and out of Almayer's life like characters in an absurdist play, dominating the stage for a scene or two and then making abrupt and unexplained exits.

In this anatomy of depression, A.L. Barker, who has published five novels and won several literary awards in England, knows exactly what she is doing. As she introduces her characters and then makes them vanish; as she creates entire chapters out of digressions and misunderstandings; as she constructs dialogues in which no communication takes place; even as she switches the narrative voice from first to third person in seemingly random fashion, she is making an elaborate, and in its way eloquent, statement about the rootlessness and discontinuity of certain aspects of modern English life. In less skillful hands the lack of plot would become monotonous, and the little plot there is would become comic. But Barker *is* skillful. If this novel has a theme, it is the capacity of people to make each other miserable, and to this

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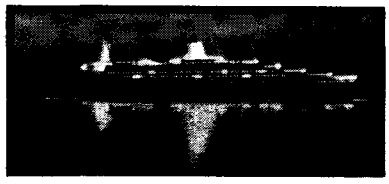

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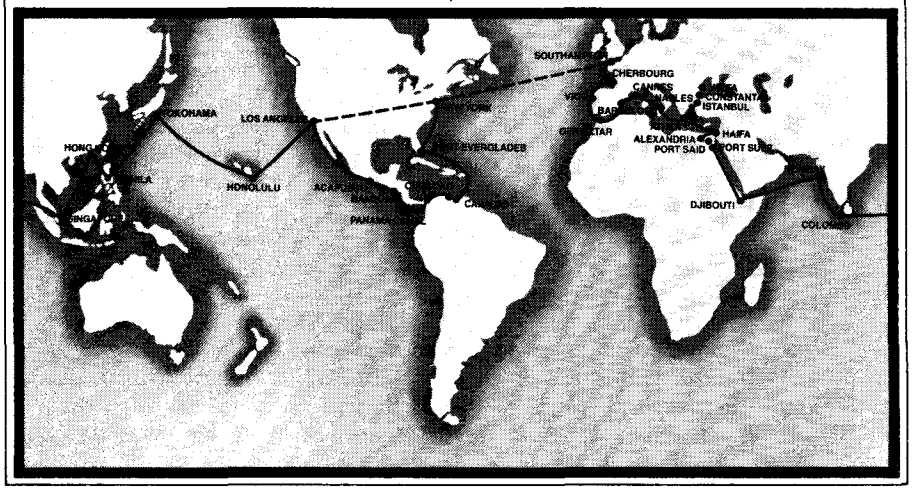

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theme her peculiar, and hardly crowd-pleasing, gifts are well suited.

—ANNE FADIMAN

The Anarchists' Convention
by John Sayles
Atlantic–Little, Brown, 324 pp., $9.95

UNION DUES FIRMLY established John Sayles's gift for translating acute psychological insights into viable fiction, and this collection of his stories indicates no lessening of that gift. Still, the author displays a disturbing tendency to dance at the brink of sentimentality, perhaps because he is so intent upon capturing lower-middle-class verities. In the soap-opera climax of "The 7-10 Split," for example, death, old age, and the burden of having a retarded child are overcome, for the moment, by a near-impossible roll of a bowling ball, and in the conclusion of "Children of the Silver Screen," a nostalgic movie manager makes a small gesture of defiance before he surrenders to the debased dreams of gangster-like pornographers.

Sayles's strongest virtues—his efficient plain style, his formal intelligence, his obvious compassion for his victimized characters—always prevent total aesthetic collapse, and several of the stories attain a perfect blend of manner and means. "I-80 Nebraska, m. 490–m. 205" maintains a fierce narrative pace that is almost surrealistic in its leaps from voice to voice along crackling CB waves as a rebel trucker, high on drugs and existential disgust with his culture, achieves mythic stature in his drive to destruction, while "Schiffman's Ape" parallels human and ape behavior in an effort to limn the disintegration of a marriage based on something less than love. Despite an unabashedly romantic finale, the title story also defies the laws of literary gravity through its adoption of an ironic, self-mocking consciousness that will yield neither to the failure of the flesh nor the death of an ideal.

The Anarchists' Convention reaffirms Schopenhauer's vision of man as a creature in quest of a metaphysical reality, a reality that Sayles and his kind keep alive for us in this age of brute fact.

—EDWARD BUTSCHER

The Pardoner's Tale
by John Wain
Viking, 314 pp., $10.95

AT THE START of his biography of Samuel Johnson, John Wain explained his affinity for Grub Street, that yeasty tradition of writers who, being indentured to their publishers, have inclined to get on with the story and let art take care of itself. Unlikely as it seems, by the evidence, this formula has succeeded to such a degree that it is impossible to separate the fate of English prose from the genius of its great hacks. The best of English novels, for example, are sprawling, untidy affairs, punctuated by unlikely events, and unwieldy of interpretation—which is what makes them seem "real." It should not surprise us then that Wain's new novel owes its fascination to just this roughness of texture.

Like the Canterbury tale whose name it borrows, *The Pardoner's Tale* is two stories in one. Dowdy and middle-aged Gus Howkins, hero of the initial chapter, turns out in the second to be only a character in a novel by d. and m.-a. Giles Hermitage. Yet no sooner has Giles invented a mysterious young lover for his alter ego than a parallel mystery woman appears to similarly complicate his own life—and by corollary, the still evolving "life" of Gus Howkins. The play between the two continually redoubles, ultimately leading to two endings per story—one hopeful, the other miserable. You pays your money and you chooses your point of view.

Devious as these details are, they are altogether incidental to the pleasures of the telling; in fact, even Gus and Giles are incidental. It is John Wain who shines as the hero of his own novel. He has beaten the clock—enticed us into the game, and held us so captivated by his voice of a man desperate for a second chance at life that it becomes, word by word, our own.

—CAROLE COOK

The Last Voyage: Captain Cook's Lost Diary
by Hammond Innes
Knopf, 256 pp., $8.95

Innes—His book is for the armchair salt.

HIMSELF A SAILOR as well as a novelist, Hammond Innes has invented the private journal that Captain James Cook might have kept on the luckless voyage which ended in his death 200 years ago in the Hawaiian Islands. On the whole, the simulation of the great English navigator's rather spare 18th-century language and spirit is convincing: The record could have belonged to the practical, intelligent man who refused to be daunted by the task he was set. The captain was sent to find a sea passage connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans across the top of North America or Siberia; but there was, of course, no such navigable passage. Having brought his ship *Resolution* up through the Bering Strait, he was blocked by a wall of ice. Gamely, he planned to try again the following summer and retreated meanwhile to Hawaii to wait out the harsh winter. Cook died there in a skirmish with the islanders over a stolen boat; he had, it seems, overestimated the awe in which he was held.

Although the author is unable to give such a methodical, pragmatic man a richly nuanced inner life, Innes packs the exterior circumstances with incident enough. This record of Cook's third long voyage over uncharted seas makes clear the magnitude of the problems the captain faced, whether keeping his men free from scurvy and thoughts of mutiny, the inhabitants of sheltering islands friendly, or his ship off dangerous rocks. An account to be prized by the armchair salt who likes to hear the winds moan and the timbers creak—but only as the logs in the fireplace spit.

—RALPH TYLER

The Pendulum and the Toxic Cloud: The Course of Dioxin Contamination
by Thomas Whiteside
Yale University Press
224 pp., $15.00 cloth, $4.95 paper

IN JULY OF 1976 a chemical plant explosion sent a pungent-smelling cloud wafting over the northern Italian town of Seveso. The cloud contained an estimated two to 11 pounds of the chemical dioxin, enough to make small animals sicken and die and to leave over 180 residents, mostly children, with cases of chloracne, a condition characterized by severe skin lesions, and possible damage to the internal organs and nervous system. Two years after the accident Thomas Whiteside visited Seveso and his report here is in some ways more chilling than the accident itself.

Incredibly, there has been no coordinated epidemiological study of the Seveso population, and decontamination efforts may simply have resulted in spreading the poisons over a wider area. In the meantime, children climbed fences to play in the sealed-off sector and homeowners smuggled out contaminated furniture, while other victims failed to report serious health problems because they were "ashamed." No doubt the range of personal reactions, including the guilt of some residents who had accepted bounties from the factory owners for keeping quiet about previous incidents, would make a fascinating study in disaster psychology. Whiteside,

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however, does not allow us the luxury of detachment.

Our own government's policy on dioxin is no less illogical, he warns: We banned the use of the dioxin-contaminated herbicide 2, 4, 5,-T in Vietnam only to encourage its widespread spraying on American rangelands. Niagara Falls's Love Canal, which according to Whiteside's figures may contain up to 140 pounds of dioxin, could well be another Seveso in the making. This persuasively documented indictment is more than just another warning of an ecological horror story waiting to happen. Whiteside is asking us to reexamine our own complacency about allowing "controlled" amounts of lethal substances to proliferate in our own environment. —JOYCE MILTON

The Improper Bostonian: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes

by Edwin P. Hoyt
Morrow, 320 pp., $12.95

LIKE SO MANY other figures from the golden age of 19th-century Massachusetts, Oliver Wendell Holmes has retreated into the marble stillness of a historical personage, remembered, if at all, only as the author of a handful of such sentimental verses as "The Last Leaf" and "Old Ironsides," written in his youth, and of a series of witty, albeit superficial, essays later gathered into *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, which also included two of his finest poems, "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Deacon's Masterpiece: Or, the Wonderful 'One-Hoss Shay'."

Hoyt has sought to breathe life into the public statue by limning the whole man—stressing the nonliterary aspects of Holmes's career that defined his Renaissance uniqueness: his crucial role as medical reformer and imaginative teacher, his struggles against the conservative extremes at work in his own profession and society at large. Homeopathy, spiritualism, and the rigidities of orthodox Calvinism were but a few of the contemporary evils Holmes felt called upon to assail, although he was not above hiding behind congenial inertia when confronted by strong communal opposition. In 1848, for instance, he yielded when medical students demanded he dismiss the three blacks and one woman he, as Dean, had permitted to enroll at Harvard.

Despite an absence of psychological and critical depths, Hoyt's well-researched biography does manage to suggest that Holmes had more to him than a ready wit and sophisticated manner. Unfortunately, Hoyt's coy, breathless, somewhat condescending attempts to be "popular" at any cost too often result in a style that verges on the infantile. —EDWARD BUTSCHER

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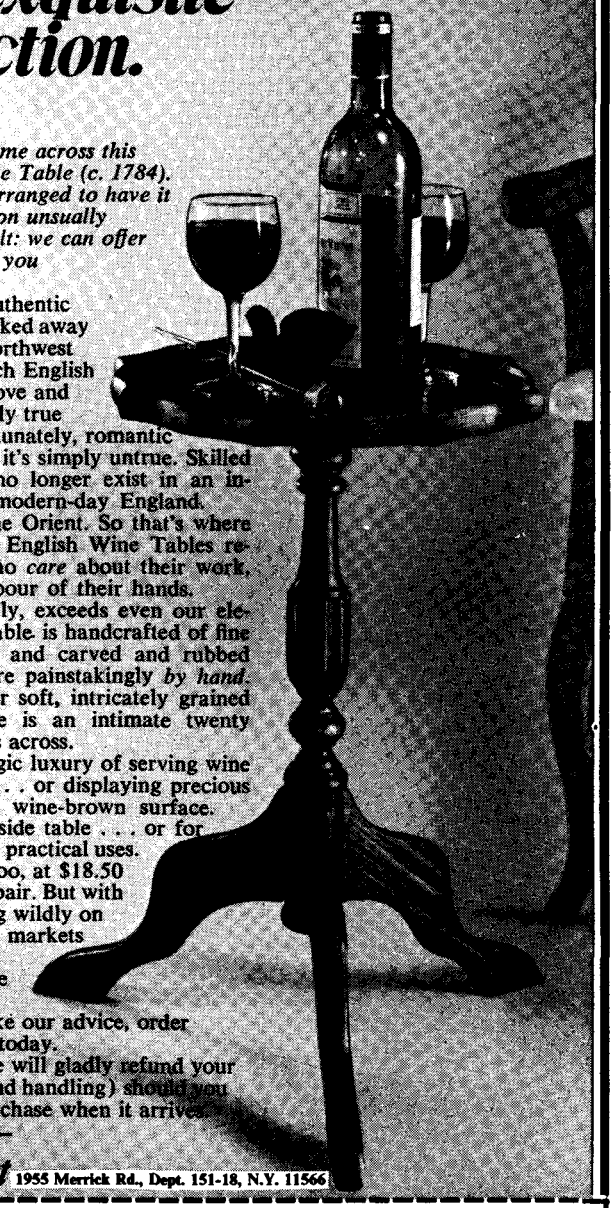

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Mike Marshall's Strange Spring

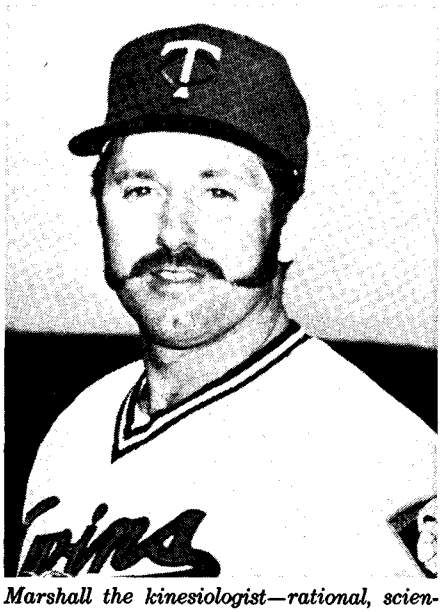
THERE MUST HAVE been spring training somewhere this year. Somewhere there were bush rookies jetting down to Palmtreeland with swollen heads, bragging to the stewardesses, and somewhere the dry crack of fungo bats, the holdouts, the press agents, and the little boys holding grandpa's hand in the bleachers.

But up in Lansing, Michigan, where pitcher Mike Marshall does his training, spring is a season people read about in the papers. On the day I arrived to meet the mainstay of the Minnesota Twins bullpen, the Michigan skies were glazed with steel. On the ground were hoary old patches of snow sprinkled with a kind of black, carcinogenic topping. And pouring down came something, not rain, not snow, but something dark and dreadful, like a fungus infection that refuses to clear up. Mike Marshall said, "The weather makes no difference. I do the same physical conditioning year in, year out. For me, spring training began last October 2."

Mike Marshall does not believe he needs a month in Florida any more than he believes in "resting up" over the winter ("Rest," he warns, "is a form of stress"); or, for that matter, any more than he believes in any of baseball's conventions, like following the orders of managers ("I work with you, but never for you"), finding a lucky roommate ("I only sleep in the same room with my wife"), and being careful not to step on foul lines. ("Baseball superstitions are absolutely stupid. Athletes are superstitious because they don't understand where their powers come from.")

What Mike Marshall does believe in is daily, year-round conditioning, total emotional and physical control, and the rational, scientific application to pitching of kinesiology. For the uninitiated, kinesiology is the study of physiology as it affects human movement, and it is a subject in which Marshall has a Ph.D. from Michigan State. Using high-speed films, the elements of physics, anatomy, stress mechanics, and the laws of aerodynamics, he has studied every aspect of moving a baseball from the pitcher's mound to home plate.

So complete is Marshall's faith in what used to be called "technical know-how" that he reconstructs, from the official scorecard, a detailed record of every pitch he throws to every batter in every inning of every game. At the end of a season, he runs the raw data through a computer, then spends long winter hours working up his statistical model of pitching; for example, how many of each type of hit he has given up to each type of batter. The information helps him rationalize away the goblins that haunt most pitchers after they lose a game.



Marshall the kinesiologist—rational, scientific, indestructible, and good.

"You see, there are too many variables in baseball to control the outcome of the game itself," explains Dr. Marshall. "I use the statistics to maintain my positive-aggressive attitude. I don't celebrate victory or grieve over defeat. Winning and losing is strictly secondary to the quality of individual performance. Slumps are only a result of not knowing exactly what you are doing."

All the dispassionate study and work comes down to this: Mike Marshall probably knows more about pitching than anyone who ever lived. And he has used that knowledge to create a new self: a living pitching machine that can go out every day of the season—twice for doubleheaders, if needed—and throw the most effective screwball in the major leagues. In the technocratic country that won the space race, among a people who make their confessions to public-opinion pollsters, it was perhaps inevitable that professional sports would sooner or later attract a Mike Marshall, a fellow with perfectly ordinary physical gifts emerging from a Midwest academic laboratory to become, at age 36, a $2.8 million free-agent pitcher.

At 7:30 AM, Marshall and I drove to the Michigan State University campus.

At the MSU fieldhouse he works out six days a week with a dedicated band of university acolytes who learn baseball skills through his applications of kinesiology. Marshall the educator wears a pair of old blue gabardine shorts, white kneesocks, and an Atlanta Braves T-shirt. His five-feet nine-inch, 200-pound frame more resembles a moderately expensive gravestone than one's idea of Adonis, but Marshall is, if anything, a testament to the fact that great athletes can be made from average materials.

He actually begins his daily regimen an hour earlier with a four-mile jog, which, he explains, is good "capillary" conditioning. Marshall thinks pitchers should jog for good circulation and endurance, but that wind sprints are useless. And as with all else, what Mike Marshall does not believe in, he simply does not do.

Once, in 1970, when Marshall was an unknown pitcher joining the Houston Astros, Astros manager Harry Walker took him out to the stadium in a golf cart in order to time him running the mile, four laps around the outer fence. Walker said, "Ready, go!" and clicked his stopwatch, but Marshall stood there with his burly arms folded across his chest. After a few moments of strained silence, Walker said, "You aren't going to run, are you?"

Marshall replied, "No, I'm not."

Walker allowed as how there wasn't much point, then, in his sitting there in the golf cart. "Not unless you enjoy looking at that stopwatch," said Marshall. He was traded to the Montreal Expos two weeks later.

At Montreal, manager Gene Mauch was perceptive enough to treat Marshall with the mature respect this ballplayer demands. Marshall responded by appearing in 96 games, then a major-league record. He might have won the Cy Young Award that year but for an outbreak of intolerance for his teammates' incompetence—a display of the shadow side of Mike Marshall's faith in science and rationality. In the late innings of a game at Jarry Park, Marshall motioned Expo second baseman Ron Hunt to reposition himself. But Hunt ignored the order, and a ground ball got past him into right field. The pitcher walked off the mound, flinging down the resin bag in disgust. Hunt trotted in to

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the mound. Although he appeared to be apologizing, Hunt was actually telling Marshall, "If you ever show me up on a baseball field like that again, I'll beat the crap out of you right on the spot." That was Marshall's last season with the Expos. The incident marked him as not a "team man," not "one of the guys."

Marshall constantly improves his skills through drills he has devised himself. At the MSU fieldhouse, he and his "students" practice hitting while kneeling on one knee, forcing a pure, above-the-waist swing. "Don't worry about hitting the ball," he shouts professorially at them. "Just concentrate on getting your stroke right. One of the mistakes we make in teaching new skills is trying too hard to succeed. That's what causes failure."

Then Marshall provides an example of applied ingenuity: He pitches three or four "dry" innings daily (no batter standing in) off a plastic pitching mound to a student catcher placed 70 feet away, 10 feet further than regulation distance. After a winter of toughening his pitching muscles at 70 feet, little wonder that when Marshall finally arrives at the ballpark, his training, as Red Smith has observed, "consists of the stern regimen of unzipping his windbreaker."

Marshall has combined the muscular strength derived from such physical conditioning with a pitching delivery designed according to strict kinesiological law. "If you bring the body forward easily, square up and stop, and *then* bring the arm forward," says Marshall, "the arm doesn't have to perform the actual work (force applied over time and distance) to catch up with the body. All the force can then be applied to the ball."

Together, these factors hurtled Marshall to stardom in 1974, when he emerged from the L.A. Dodgers' bullpen as the most indefatigable relief pitcher in baseball history. Marshall made a phenomenal 106 appearances in regular-season games, plus twice in the playoffs and five times in the World Series. He also broke a record by appearing in 13 consecutive games.

But the first pitcher from the Computer Age fell from the Big Blue heaven's grace, was sold to the Atlanta Braves, and then to the Texas Rangers. His career seemingly ended there in 1977, when an old back injury grew too severe for him to continue playing. A herniated disc had pierced the sheath and actually entered the spinal canal. Greater athletes have suffered lesser injuries and ended up on the used-car lots of the nation. But Marshall was unfazed, anatomy having been one of his better subjects at MSU.

Returning home to Lansing, he quietly designed his own operation. Instead of having the normal "vertical slice" through the back muscles, Marshall convinced a top Michigan surgeon to delicately move the muscle tissue aside in order to reach the spine. It saved as much as six weeks of bed rest and two years of rehabilitation: Five days after surgery, Mike Marshall was out jogging, and within a month, he was back on his practice mound throwing the screwball. "My body," he says matter-of-factly, "went beyond my expectations."

Still, the major leagues considered Marshall a dead letter, an injury-ridden troublemaker. They did not notice the odyssey of mind that marked his career. Otherwise, they might have sensed that Marshall's story required the triumphant comeback of 1978. Nevertheless, in late April, Marshall did receive a call from Gene Mauch at Minnesota, the only manager in the game who has not felt threatened by Marshall's scientism. "Mike is an unusual man who does unusual things," Mauch has said. "If he broke his neck and pitched the next day, it wouldn't surprise me."

Marshall went to Minneapolis for a tryout, despite the doubts of Twins' owner Calvin Griffith but at least with the support of superstar Rod Carew, who threatened mutiny unless Griffith signed a relief pitcher. The result was marvelous. Coming in cold, three months after major spinal surgery, Marshall made five appearances in his first week, getting a win and four saves, allowing only one hit, and retiring, at one point, 13 batters in a row. It was a short stride from there to the highest salary the Twins have ever paid. The contract gives Mike Marshall the authority to manage himself, talk only when it interests him, and room alone.

This will be Marshall's first full season with a team he enjoys, with a manager he has long respected, in full control of his body and his working conditions. Mike Marshall likes control. Some baseball people will say he has mellowed in middle age, but that's not the case. He has, rather, proven that knowledge and science can make chaotic existence orderly. Every morning of the off season he has jogged and led his students in batting and pitching drills. He has returned home at 9:30, drunk his orange juice, and descended to the basement for weight training. At noon, he has eaten one poached egg on an English muffin. In the afternoons he has pored over his printouts, and, by the ides of March, when I saw him, he was readjusting his "wake-sleep" cycle and tapering off his exercise for the new season.

There is every chance that this will be Dr. Marshall's most durable year—though he would deny that chance plays any part—pitch by pitch, batter by batter, game by game, from the April day he unzips the screwball to the beginning of spring training, next October.

—Jonathan Evan Maslow

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OH, CUISINE!

Bewley's: The Dream in Your Coffee

IT TAKES A LOT to light up a morning face in Dublin. In this Georgian city tumbling unloved to its death stone by stone, brick by brick. Where citizens wear their well-earned masks of sullen discontent. Till a friend met or a moment seized in a coffeehouse or pub reawakens the smoldering fires of hope.

"Let's go have a cup of coffee over at Bewley's."

It was always a cry I harkened to in my cold cavernous rooms one floor up in 38 Trinity College. Attempting the struggle to leave a clammy bed it took till dawn to warm. Waking from the specter nightmares that drum-rolled the portent that one would never graduate. And to get one's chilled feet and soul abroad out into another Dublin gray day already physically discomforted by one's refusal to hike to the college lavatories a hundred and fifty yards away. To there sit shivering in the windswept and rain-splashed college latrine suitably named the Bogs. The bogs in Bewley's Oriental Cafe were invitingly up-to-date. With unbelievable hot running water. And so one's crossing the moist cobblestoned college squares was hastened between the flat velvet lawns and out the wooden-floored archway of the front gate. Into the other remote world. Of people making a living.

Turning left along the iron railings, stepping upon the great granite paving blocks up past the provost's house, one reached the somber-garbed throngs of this, the metropolis's most fashionable thoroughfare where the roasting-coffee smell hit one first on the street. An incense that heralded the teak-framed front windows filled with fudge, cakes, and buns. Pushing through a door into a mahogany-paneled bread-scented warmth, counters of loaves, barmbracks, tea leaves, and coffee beans. The grandfather clock on your right as you enter the tall-ceilinged coffeehouse interior. The waitresses in their uniforms once black, now brown, like members of a religious order. Past whom one spied for a pew, preferably on the crimson sofas against the walls under the stained-glass windows of birds and butterflies and the oriental cheer of Chinese plates displayed.

Safely here beseated with the years worn on glass-topped tables, dishes mound high with creamy rich butter balls, plates of buns and cream cakes, and the piping hot black cup of aromatic coffee with two little jugs of cream, one's mind soared in dreams. Mostly into a far future beyond academia when your feet would be toasting against the chimney-piece, a sherry at hand celebrating one's life membership in the cozy professional classes. Momentarily soothed and shielded away from this city's rainy harsh poverty, one further waxed lyrical about females and money when not pursuing with malice aforethought Dublin's gossip, calumny, and rumor.

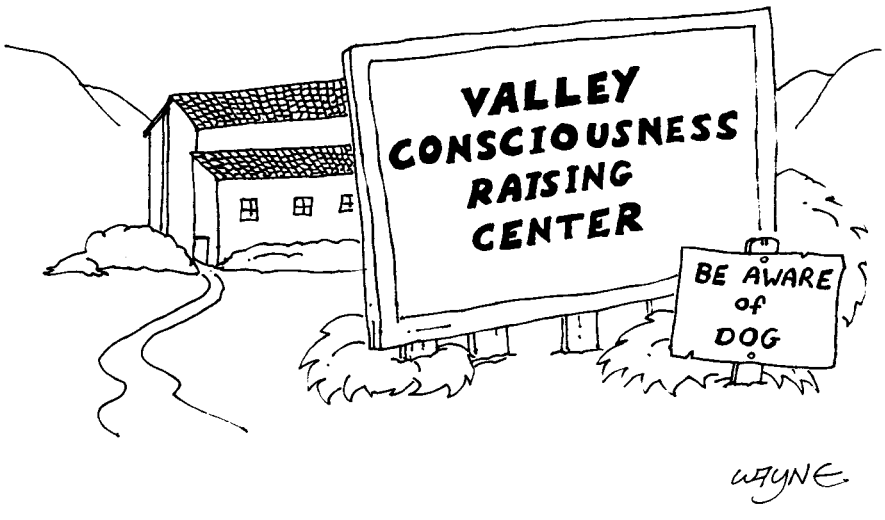
In those days past Bewley's was comfortably populated with refined mothers and their priest sons fresh in from having booked seats for a concert or play. There were, too, the more erudite of gas-meter readers, accountants, office managers, and the odd shopping elegant housewife. And always in some shadowy corner a hung-over ill-humored poet would lurk studying the day's racing form. But somehow all these coffee sippers had a contentment of sorts achieved out of their temporary reverie and the familiar homely ministrations of the waitresses. Which has perhaps more to do with the miracle of miracles, that, as most of the other cherished Dublin haunts have gone, Bewley's Oriental Cafe in Grafton Street still stands. As indeed does one in Westmoreland and Great George's Street.

However, the butter these days is wrapped in packets and a majordomo has to spy out seats in the crowded rooms. Self-service reigns in the basement, and smoking is permitted on the ground floor. But the coffee, as it always was, is still aromatic, hot, and full of the flavor of the roasted bean. And there are other things on the menu. China tea with lemon. Jersey milk from Bewley's own farm. Plus the national dish of eggs boiled, scrambled, poached, or with chips, bacon, or sausage. There are even carrots, peas, baked beans, or salads. Sweets of jelly and cream, hot apple tart and queen of pudding.

But the time to visit Bewley's is not while these lunchtime items are being served but at the sacred hour of a quarter to eleven and a quarter to four. When the spirit can be touched. Or even while you are miles away, you can order a bag of coffee beans, or loaves of bread made from Bewley's homegrown uncracked wheat. Keep them deep-frozen as one does out here in the country. Where always it's a pleasant reminder as one breakfasts, staring out over orchard trees to the raven nests high atop the beech trees, that back there in that city, where hardly a war has ever touched, and yet which tumbles in unending devastation, that there remains a place. To put your hat under the chairs, to place your umbrella in the copper-bottomed umbrella stand, to bite into a spice bun and to press your lips awarming on a cup that makes the soul purr.

—J.P. Donleavy

J.P. Donleavy, American-born novelist, playwright, and short-story writer, makes his home in Ireland.



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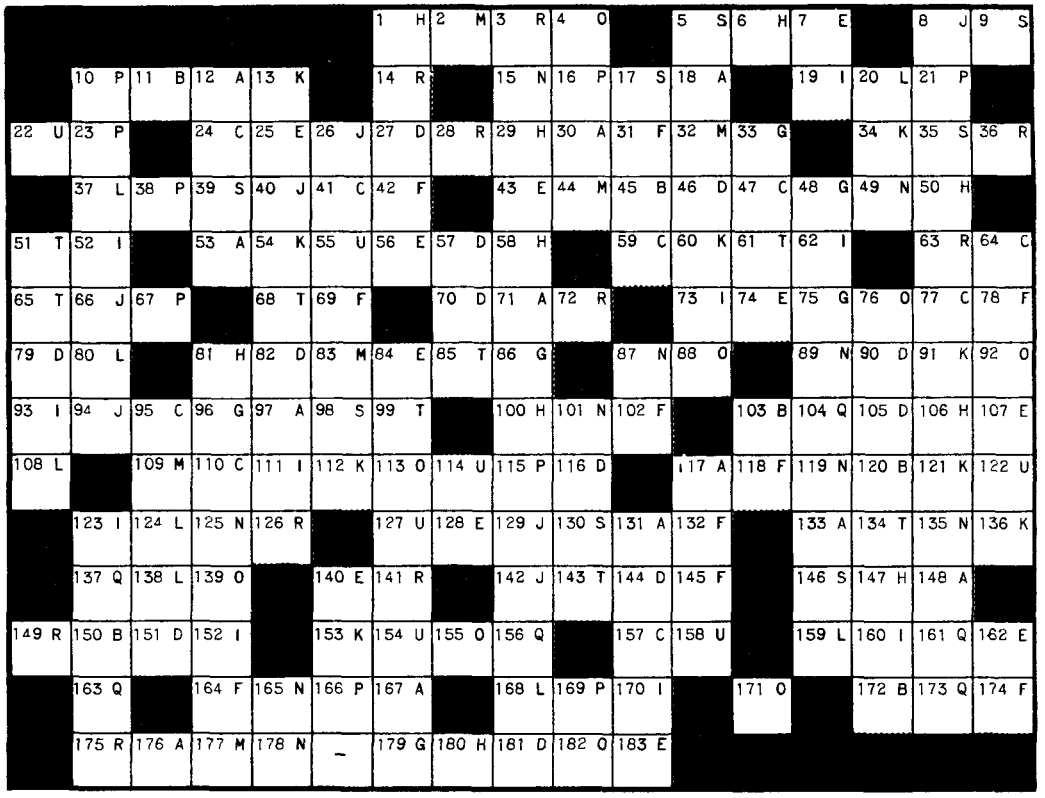
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 170

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No. 169 appears on page 5.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Garcia Lorca play (2 wds.)	30 53 71 97 117 133 148 167 18 176 / 12 131
B. Hostile feeling; purpose, intention	150 172 11 45 103 120
C. Express submission before (3 wds.)	47 64 157 24 41 59 77 95 110
D. Queerness, aberration	116 144 27 46 57 70 90 82 151 79 / 105 181
E. Showing a definite bias or purpose	7 25 84 162 183 128 140 56 74 107 43
F. "Where crimson-blank ___ flare" (2 wds., Kipling, "My New-cut Ashlar")	78 132 145 164 31 42 102 118 174 69
G. Selfishness	86 33 48 96 179 75
H. Route that may lawfully be used (3 wds.)	106 29 58 147 180 6 81 1 100 50
I. Chiefly aquatic insectivore of west Africa (2 wds.)	111 123 152 160 170 52 62 73 93 19
J. Mollifies	40 129 142 8 66 94 26

CLUES	WORDS
K. Parisian salesgirl or seamstress	112 54 13 60 121 136 153 34 91
L. Without a top crust (of pies, etc.) (comp.)	138 37 108 159 168 20 80 124
M. "There is ___ in love" (2 wds., 1 John 4:18)	32 44 177 2 83 109
N. Growing, expanding; generating	49 119 135 178 125 165 89 87 101 15
O. Italian family that ruled Rimini and its surroundings for about 300 years	113 155 182 76 92 4 88 139 171
P. Type of collection	16 10 23 38 67 115 169 166 21
Q. Deny	104 161 137 163 156 173
R. Historical tragedy by Dryden (3 wds.)	14 63 175 149 141 28 126 72 3 36
S. Sketch in outline (2 wds.)	39 9 98 5 35 17 130 146
T. Hollows	85 143 65 51 61 68 134 99
U. Come to a halt at sea (2 wds.)	154 127 114 55 158 122 22

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Disconnection

The apparition of these faces in the crowd—petals on a wet, black bough.—Ezra Pound

QUICK, BEFORE I forget, let me limn New York's famous discotheque, Studio 54—because if I do not do it now, I never will. Barring the worst luck, I will never pass through its portals again.

According to "the media," Studio 54 is the *in* night spot in New York. Mikhail Baryshnikov goes there. Vitas Gerulaitis goes there. Truman Capote makes the scene. Vladimir Horowitz went there for his 74th birthday. So glittering is the clientele that it makes everyone who goes to Studio 54 seem famous, whether they are or not.

One of the attractions of Studio 54 is the much-bruited fact that its management turns away customers—not just customers they can't accommodate, but customers they don't cotton to. No reasons are given—and the pattern of rejections is sufficiently fickle to frustrate anyone who wants either to be assured of admission or to sue the disco's proprietors for unlawful discrimination. To emphasize this deliberately outrageous policy, the entrance on 54th Street, west of Broadway, is cordoned off; a constant throng (most of whom, I'd wager, are employed by the management) presses against the barriers, affording those admitted a delicious sense of superiority.

No fool I. To avoid the risk of rejection, I waited until I had in hand a card that read "This invitation admits two." The display of the card caused the cordon to be momentarily parted, then quickly rejoined like the Red Sea after Moses.

Inside, the light is murky, lurid, unreal. Although it is not difficult to see where you are going, it is impossible to identify faces until they are upon you, like emergent ghosts. A shape approaches—you squint—until you make the disconcerting discovery that you've been staring at the fair bare chest of an androgynous cigarette-butt-sweeper clad in nothing but running shorts, socks, and sneakers. Such shocks heighten one's curiosity about the participants, while also forcing one's glances to become furtive. One must take care not to end up peering at some part of the anatomy one would prefer not to be peering at.

The light *feels* decadent. Purplish, artificial, unreal, unlike any natural hue, it makes the large spaces seem out of this world, like a dream. Decadence in any era is characterized by a rejection of *what is* (the ordinary, the familiar, the popular) in favor of fantastic distortions of reality appreciated by cognoscenti only. Rome's painted, baubled grotesques that Fellini depicted in *Satyricon,* the fantasticoes of English Restoration comedy, the wild excesses of Rococo architecture, the drugged dreams of a Baudelaire, the perverse visions of an Aubrey Beardsley—all testify to a boredom or disgust with life that historically typifies decadence.

The glorification of drugs in Studio 54—against one wall is a large cutout of the man-in-the-moon sniffing cocaine—emphasizes the discotheque's deliberate, one might even say desperate, striving to escape the reality outdoors. Likewise the relentless decibel level of the music (one begins to feel a throbbing in the thorax, as if a bass player was strumming one's vocal chords) defeats all but the most determined attempts at conversation, isolating each individual in his or her sense-bombarded cocoon.

I confess: I do not like dancing, especially dancing that precludes conversation. If I danced better, I might enjoy Studio 54 more. Nonetheless, I believe that my aversion to Studio 54 has deeper wellsprings.

Solipsism is the sickness of our age. Every periodical, talk show, advertisement harps on how to increase satisfaction and gratification. Slimmer thighs, whiter teeth, plusher pleasures, sexier sex—contentment is discussed as if it were heat: to raise it, to turn the thermostat up a couple of degrees, just spend a few extra dollars.

The hoary truth is that contentment depends on none of these accouterments. Contentment depends on feeling needed, and to be needed one must give another something uniquely one's own, be it love, advice, support, wisdom, solace, entertainment, education, leadership, or care. Contentment depends, in short, on *connection,* and the more connected, the more cohesive, a society is, the more likely it will be to work together for the benefit of all.

In Studio 54, only the eyes connect. Every dancer, partnered or not, dances alone. Even if one could converse, one's partner might not even be there, his or her brain abducted by cocaine. The only unique contributions an individual can make there are beauty and dancing, but few are beauteous enough or dance well enough to make such contributions in any way noteworthy.

Fantasy is necessary. Escape is necessary. Revelry is an indispensable social steam valve. But this sort of revelry, the kind that isolates individuals and encourages self-absorption, can finally only exacerbate loneliness and despair.

Fleeing that lurid light, I resisted telling the two dozen excluded from the discotheque how lucky they were.

—Carll Tucker

"While shaving this morning, Roy realized that he is exactly halfway between most likely to succeed and mandatory retirement"

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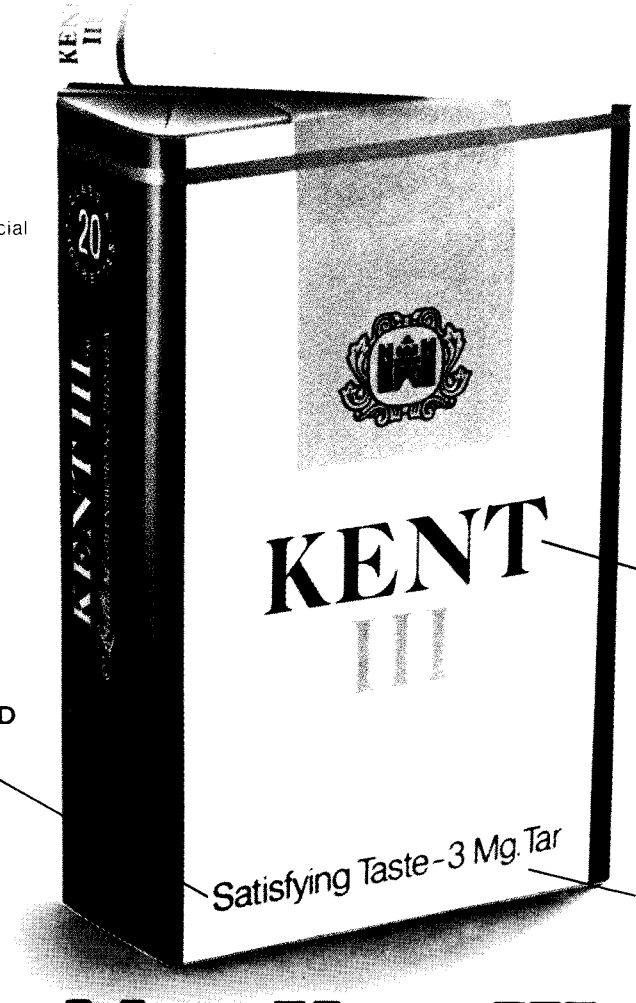

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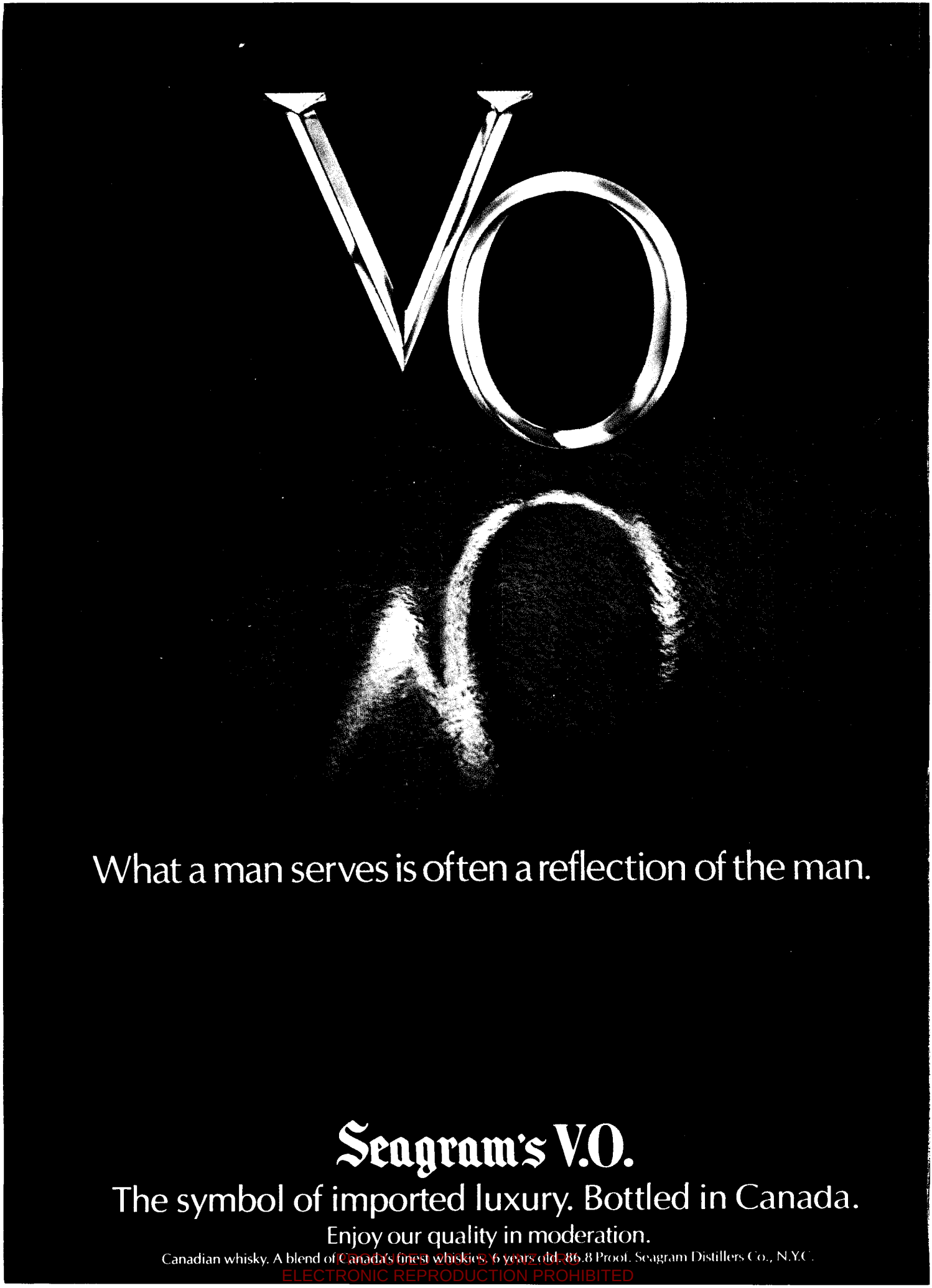

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